

LIFE

IN COLOR

THE TALKING SATELLITE

THE NEW CHINA—FROM INSIDE



NEW GENERATION CHINESE
AT ANTI-U.S. RALLY

10

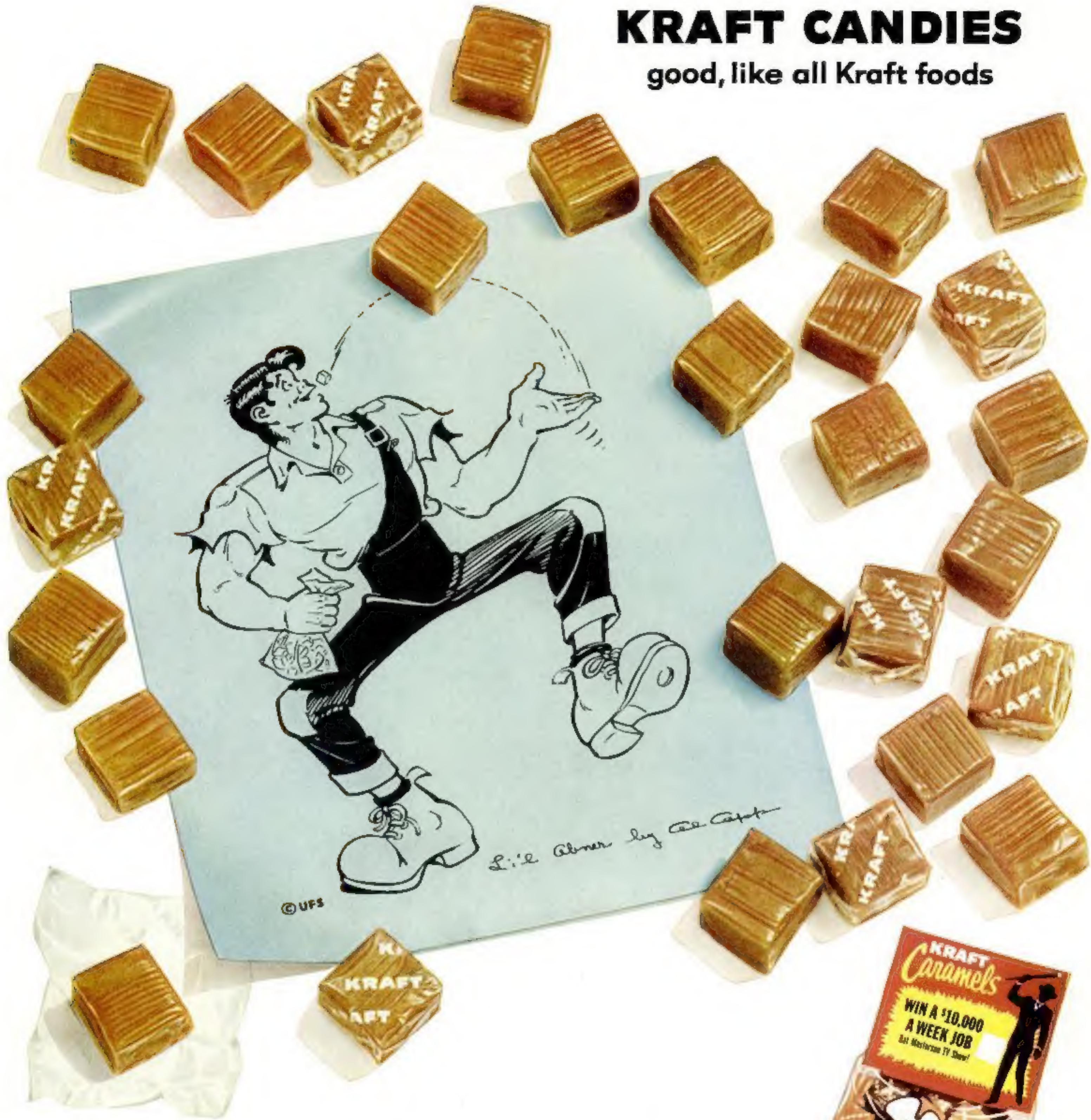
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JANUARY 5, 1959 25 CENTS

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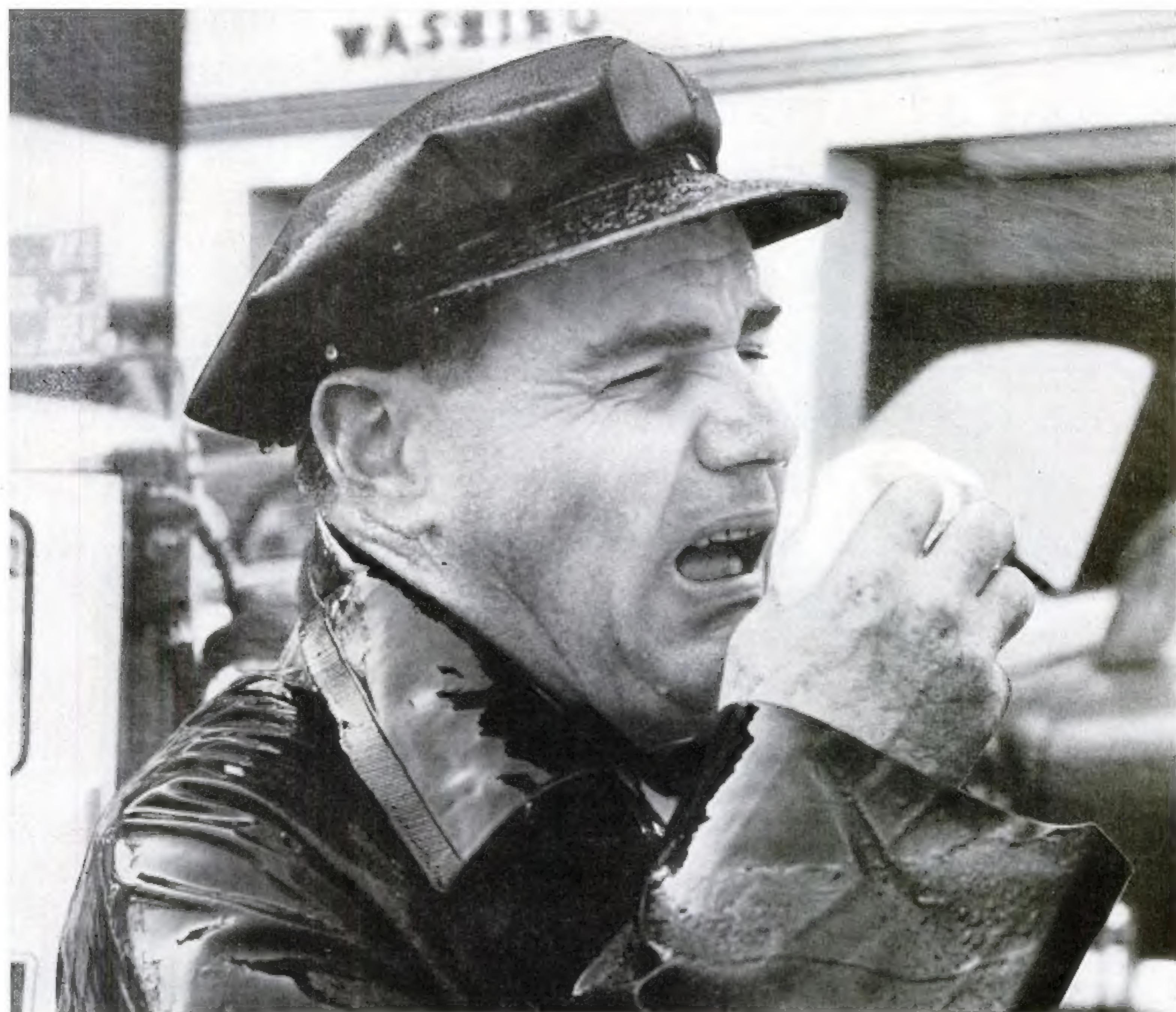
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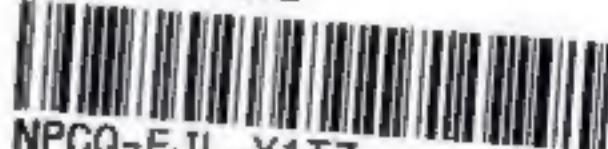
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This One



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IN ONE OR IN 150, ALL EYES AGLEAM

First there is the gleam in someone's eye. An idea for a LIFE project can come from a photographer, a reporter, a writer, an editor or a reader. Then comes an equally important next step—the development of the idea into publishable form. At times this seems to be rather complicated. For instance, to produce the 14-page picture and text report on the success of the talking satellite (pp. 10-23), 150 reporters, photographers from New York to New Delhi pitched in.

In eight days of intensive work this group recorded world reaction to the President's broadcast, watched for the satellite, collected pictures of the blast-off and information for artists to produce sketches of the rocket, and reported the inside story of a launching so secret that even the test conductor (above), the man who set the satellite soaring into space, flipped.

But we also must recognize the genius of that one person with the gleam in his eye and the ability to do something about it. For instance, there's Henri Cartier-Bresson, the great French photographer. He made the pictures of Communist China (pp. 44-61) on a four-month, 7,000-mile trek. He had to execute his ideas all by himself. Taking pictures in China, he found, has its own special problems, and one of them was Chinese curiosity about foreigners and new ways (below). "In photography," says Cartier-Bresson, "the rule of the game is to photograph before the subject sees you . . . but with those people it is almost impossible to catch them unaware."

And then there were the Chinese amenities. "The Chinese does not like to be caught unexpectedly," reports Cartier-Bresson.

When this feeling led one official to forbid his taking close-ups of anyone without their prior permission, Cartier-Bresson explained that he would never be able to show the affection of couples and this might be thought rather strange in the West. To the official's suggestion that he try photographing couples from behind, he said, "Photograph their backs?"

Here the women as well as the men wear pants."

Well, Henri Cartier-Bresson, all by himself, got a penetrating front view of Communist China, and the 150 people covering the Atlas produced a comprehensive front view of the spectacle and significance of that historic fling into space.



ASTONISHED, Atlas triggerman hears it's in orbit.



ASTOUNDED, Chinese boy sees himself on TV.

COVER

The face of young China: In Shanghai anti-American speech is applauded (see pp. 44-61)

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4—LT. HELEN MURRAY—SHIRLEY GOLAS; CEN. MRS. JOHN COOKET; ST. THOMAS HUDD
6, 7—F. E. NEWRIGHT, GEORGE M. SCHNECKENBURGER, MRS. SAM FALISE, DONALD SENRELL, ALICE ENRIGHT, BETTY SMITH—SISTER MARY CONSTANCE, WILIAM HERBERT—MRS. JOHN COONEY (2), GEORGE M. SCHNECKENBURGER (2)—U.P.I.
10, 11—CONVAIR DIVISION OF GENERAL DYNAMICS
12—LARRY BURROWS, MARSHALL LOCKMAN FROM U.S.—ELIOT ELISOFON—N. R. FABREMAN, CARL IWASAKI
13—JOE CLARK
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76, 78—CARL IWASAKI
80—ROGER COARE

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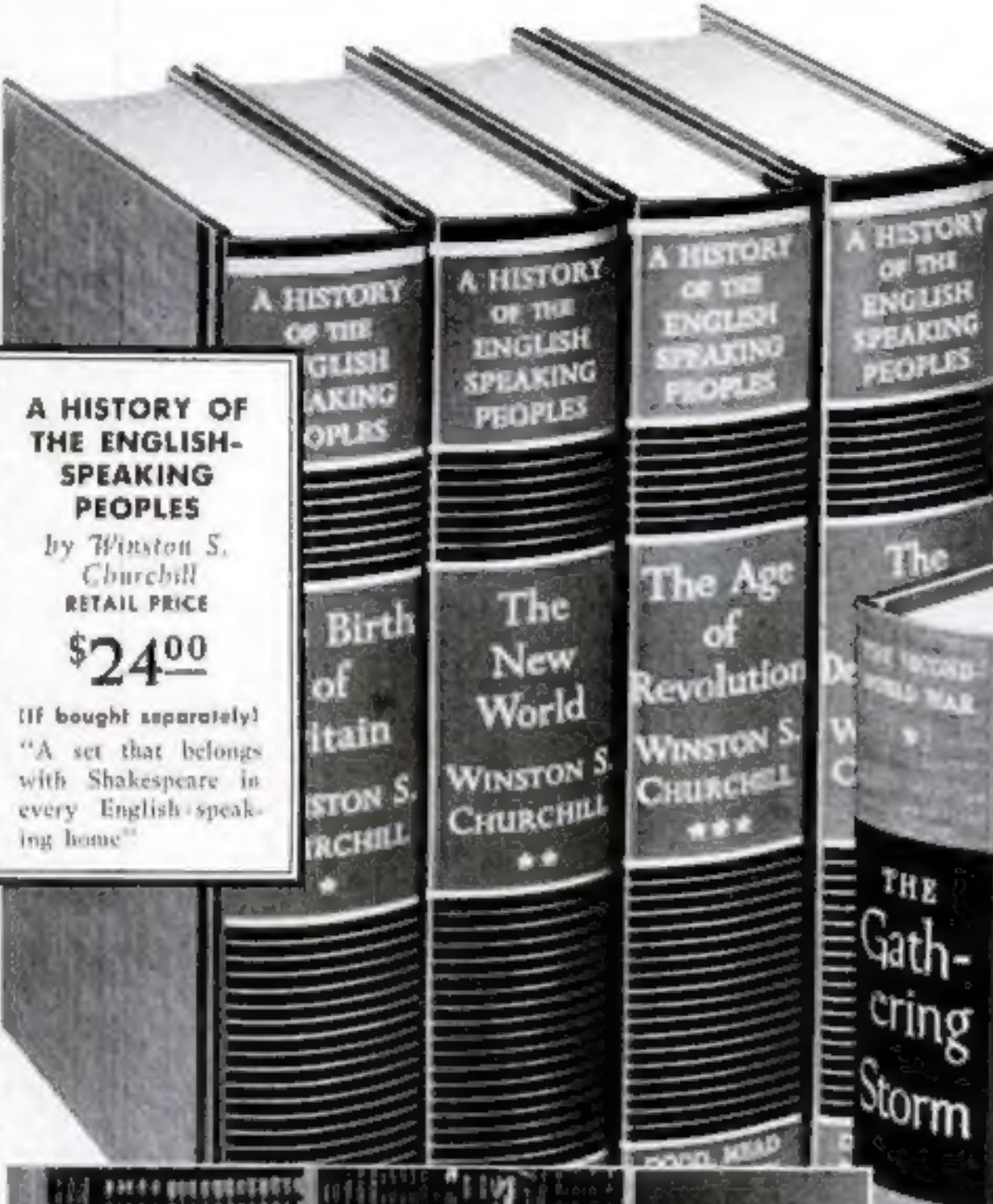
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A TOWN'S OWN SNAPSHOTS

For a brief strenuous period last month citizens of Oswego, in upstate New York, had two main occupations—shoveling snow and snapping pictures. The shoveling was to dig out after a storm buried Oswego 6½ feet under a record snow. The photography was to keep a record, shown on these pages, of a snowy town's worst snowfall in history.

The blizzard began on Sunday. By Thursday, when the flakes finally stopped falling,

Oswego's schools had closed. Traffic, business and mail had come to a standstill. Police were running milk to snowbound families. In the big digout that followed, the price of snow shovels skyrocketed and the mayor took to dog sled and team to get around town.

Oswego's flurry of photography began even before the snow stopped. Piling outdoors, the townspeople started snapping their own exploits as they cleared roof tops, many of

AT HEIGHT OF BLIZZARD MONDAY AFTERNOON, MRS. JOHN COONEY TOOK A PICTURE OF HER HOUSE,



On roll of film taken by Mrs. Helen Murray, snapshot of the house after storm followed a picture of her daughter, Shirley Golas, and granddaughter Shirley Lynn, taken last summer at the beach.

RECORD ITS RECORD SNOW

which were sagging dangerously, and rescued cars from the deeps of snow. Swarming downtown, they found the main street (*next page*) almost unrecognizable. And, despite zeroish weather which froze camera shutters, they made portraits of tree-lined avenues transfigured by cottony drifts and frosty filigree.

The supply of film soon ran out. But before it did, processing shops were swamped with exposed rolls as snow scenes began to

appear cheek by jowl with last summer's undeveloped beach pictures. So much of it was overexposed because of the snow's glare that many pictures did not come out. One shop advertised a special service giving correct exposures for snow. But many Oswegians were more interested in proof than in perfection. Said one grimly, as she clicked the mayor's dog sled, "This time, at least, my sister in Florida will believe we had a hard winter."

LIKE MOST OTHER FAMILIES IN OSWEGO, THE COONEYS WERE VIRTUALLY SNOWBOUND FOR TWO DAYS



Last fall Thomas Budd photographed his son Gary (top, left) with a friend looking like fierce footballers. He didn't use camera again until he got Gary (center) during the blizzard.

SNOW SNAPSHOT CONTINUED



Haberdasher Nick Sterio burrowed way to store, called it "Sterio's tunnel of love."

Druggist F. E. McKnight caught Linda Bradshaw perched on snow mountain downtown.

Mayor's dog team was lent to Oswego by a dog trainer of nearby Bridgeport, N.Y.

TOWN'S PRINCIPAL AVENUE, WEST FIRST STREET, WAS



Sister Judith stands at gate of Catholic school, closed, like others, for week.



Elm-arched street was taken by Y.M.C.A. head Bill Herbert who "likes snow scenes."



Clothesline attracted Mrs. John Cooney because "it looked like a long caterpillar."

The Cooney family gave up digging out car, instead took picture of Mrs. Cooney in it.



High school teacher Frances Brown stands forlornly by her buried car.

A neighbor was astonished to see Mrs. John Tesoriero sweeping treacherous roof.

Draft board worker Betty Smith shot parked cars. "They looked like graves," she said.

OPEN BY THURSDAY AFTERNOON, TRAFFIC HAD RESUMED BUT STORES WERE STILL HIDDEN BY SNOW HEAPED ON SIDEWALK. DARK EFFECT IS FROM UNDEREXPOSURE



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

RICH SURPRISES IN AFRICA

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you and Photographer Emil Schultess for the excellence of the article "Rich Surprises in Africa" (LIFE, Dec. 1).

The photography was masterful and truly it told an absorbing story of a relatively changeless world.

RANDALL BARNARD

Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

Your article about Africa was the most interesting and beautiful one I have ever read or seen in my life!

JOHN GREENE

Philadelphia, Pa.

A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S WEEK

Sirs:

Unusual as the photograph of the El Toro, Calif. train-plane crash (A Look at the World's Week, LIFE, Dec. 1) was, it can qualify only for second place.

A Santa Fe freight train hit a plane near Corona, Calif., a year ago. In this case the single-engine plane overshot the airfield near the tracks and skidded across a field onto them. The pilot escaped before the train hit and demolished the plane.

JOHN L. HOLT

Riverside, Calif.

Sirs:

In Japan, sometime in 1953, a U.S. C-119C (Flying Boxcar) was making a GCA approach at Miho Air Base. Unfortunately a railroad track curved around the runway and, at that particular time, unbeknownst to the GCA operator, a steam engine had just pulled up and stopped right at the end of the runway. The plane hit the train, ripping off the engine's stack and losing a wheel. The pilot kept flying around the field until fire trucks had spread foam on the runway, then made a successful "wheels up" landing.

SAMUEL E. GASKILL

Dyess Air Force Base, Texas

Sirs:

In September, 1944 in Amarillo, Texas a B-26 was coming in down wind on one engine and without flaps. The plane bounced over the fence, tore up a section of track and flipped over. About five minutes later a slow freight came along. We could see the train's engineer peering out the window, observing the plane on its back at least a quarter of a mile from the tracks. He did not stop and the train telescoped when it hit the broken track.

H. G. ROSE

Sun Valley, Calif.

Sirs:

While I was in the Air Corps at Wendover Field, Utah in August 1943, a bomber on a training flight crashed on the Western Pacific tracks on the Bonneville Salt Flats. A freight train struck the wreckage, derailing 29 cars loaded with war material. One flier was killed, 10 others injured critically.

RONALD V. KRAMER

Syracuse, Ind.

Sirs:

Along with other flight personnel of the 70th AAFD of Lafayette, Louisiana, I observed an almost identical collision in 1942 when a North American AT-6 in landing overshot the runway, skidded across the

road and into the side of a moving train of the T. & N.O. division of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

JOTY E. ZIMMERMAN

Medina, N.Y.

Sirs:

The late Admiral Marcos A. Zar, a well-known Argentinian naval aviator, was involved in an accidental collision with a train in about 1940 at Puerto Deseado in southern Argentina.

After overshooting an emergency landing in bad weather on the 2,000-foot mud runway, his Fairchild monoplane came to rest across the narrow gauge railroad tracks near the field. Unfortunately the only weekly scheduled train was on time and rammed the plane before the crew could leave it.

There were no fatalities, but the admiral carried a limp for the rest of his life.

A. N. PAGLIERE

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

In March 1929 a plane of Colonial Western Airways, Inc. taking off from Newark Airport crashed into a freight car loaded with sand. All 14 passengers in the plane were killed. The pilot survived.

MALCOLM H. WITMER

Baltimore, Md.



TRAIN-PLANE CRASH IN 1929

TEEN-AGER ROCKS TEEN-AGERS

Sirs:

As national president of Ricky Nelson's 7,645 active fan clubs, I should like to express my appreciation for the beautiful cover picture and sensational story, "Teen-Ager Rocks Teen-Agers" (LIFE, Dec. 1).

CONNIE MUELLER

Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Ricky is the kind of a person you can't call an idol, to me anyway. When you follow a person's career for as long as I have, you feel as if you know him personally. It is hard to explain but he is like an older brother and the kind any girl would be proud of having.

DIANE ROSNER

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Sirs:

In the cover picture Ricky seemed to be standing in my own yard singing just for me.

AGNES FARKAS

Statesboro, Ga.

Sirs:

I was shocked to hear of a fan who would bite Ricky on the arm. I just hope that adults will realize that not all his fans are like this. Many would be satisfied just to see him and have a down-to-earth talk with him.

LINDA MARSHALL

New Bremen, Ohio

Sirs:

I am 17 years old and that gives me all earthly claims, I have been led to believe, to the title of "teen-ager." Upon occasion your magazine has informed me about some of my strange driving fads, how I talk on the phone with my feet in the air and about my own particular kinds of anxieties. But you went past me this month, Ricky Nelson is all right on television. I'd even go so far as to say his music is real crazy. But when you say he's my "top throb," brother, it is too much.

RIC HOLT

Bartlesville, Okla.

MISCELLANY

Sirs:

The picture "Bird and Baby Check by Fowl" (LIFE, Dec. 1) reminds me of a family story.

It seems that, back in 1935 when I was 5 months old, Mother found herself handling the Thanksgiving turkey (about 20 pounds) with all the care with which she handled me (about 20 pounds also). Our family never tires of hearing Mother tell us, while we are all gathered at the Thanksgiving dinner table, of how difficult it was for her to cook and later to eat that turkey.

W. DOUGLAS HALSTED, III

Lawrence, Kan.

NEW KING OF PLAYBOY WORLD

Sirs:

I loved your article, "New King of Playboy World" (LIFE, Dec. 1). When one leads a routine life as a wife and mother and watches the bills pile up, it's refreshing to read about someone who never has to worry about money matters. I admire him for two things: first, making his own money, and second, doing with it as he pleases. It does make one a bit envious though.

MARTHA SPECK

Topeka, Kan.

Sirs:

Your article was a masterpiece of understatement. Restless spirit—my eye! Weak-spined, don't you mean? Well-administered discipline as a child would have given "Baby" the backbone he lacks. Perhaps some women find his bacchanalian personality irresistible, I think it insufferable.

MRS. RONALD EDDY

Topeka, Kan.

Sirs:

Champagne, roses and kisses for your honest, brave report on "Baby."

J. ASHTON-GREENE

New Orleans, La.

Sirs:

You should be ashamed of those pages about Baby Pignatari, a man who has never done anything except make some wise cracks and bad jokes! In my country (Brazil) we have better subjects to write about.

MONICA PRADO SAMSONOFF

Washington, D.C.

STORM AND DEATH ON A GREAT LAKE

Sirs:

Thank you for your moving story of the sinking of the *Carl D. Bradley* in Lake Michigan ("Storm and Death on a Great Lake," LIFE, Dec. 1).

The story had particular interest for me since my grandfather died in a similar tragedy in 1868.

GRACE KURVINK KROSSCHELL

Edgerton, Minn.

LIFE 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois



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Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more



*(He looks under the hood—
and knows what to look for.)*

its smooth flow as you slide out into traffic and face the lights and lanes?

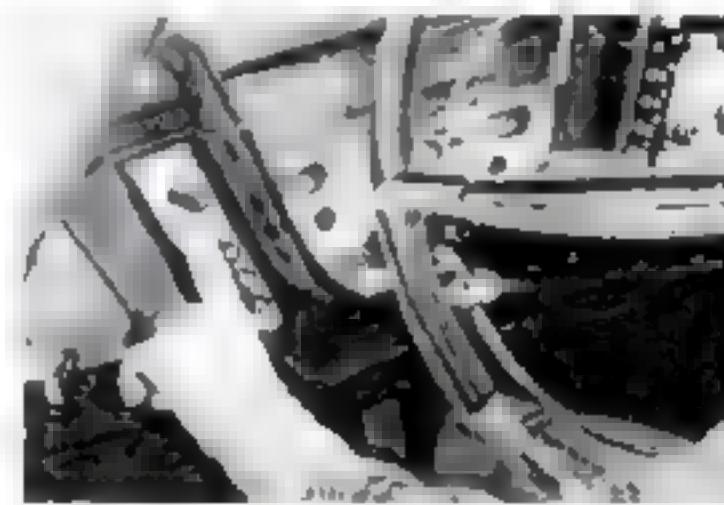
Isn't it fun when a lot of finely engineered features start working together, as if to say: "Have a ball, mister! What's your pleasure?"

So you steer. You brake. You turn. You start. You stop. You

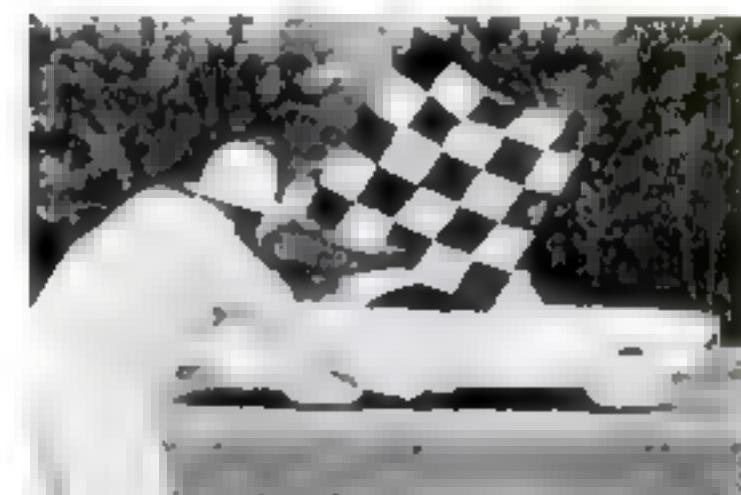


New automatic aid to night safety: rear view mirror that electronically dims glare of lights behind you. Available exclusively in cars of The Forward Look.

of The Forward Look have something extra—for the man who always wants that extra something . . . and is never satisfied until he gets it.



Pushbutton Torqueflite gives you full range of gear levels with just 5 buttons. No "Park" button to damage the transmission if your car gets bumped.



Easy on the road—and easy on the gas! Forward Look cars have taken top honors two years running in the famous Mobilgas Economy Run. These cars wring more enjoyment out of a gallon of gas than any you've ever driven.

start again. You take one tight. You smile. You go again. You stop again. You back. You ease in and out of parking places. You don't fight traffic in this car; you just wonder where it went. The spirit of these new '59ers creeps in. You tell the wife: "This is for us! This is it!" An hour later she smiles you into driving another thirty miles for dinner.

Sure—we have fancy names for everything: Constant-Control Power Steering, Total-Contact Brakes, Torsion-Aire Ride, Aerodynamic Fins . . . but it's people like you who gave us the word—told us in the simple language of a satisfied customer that our cars

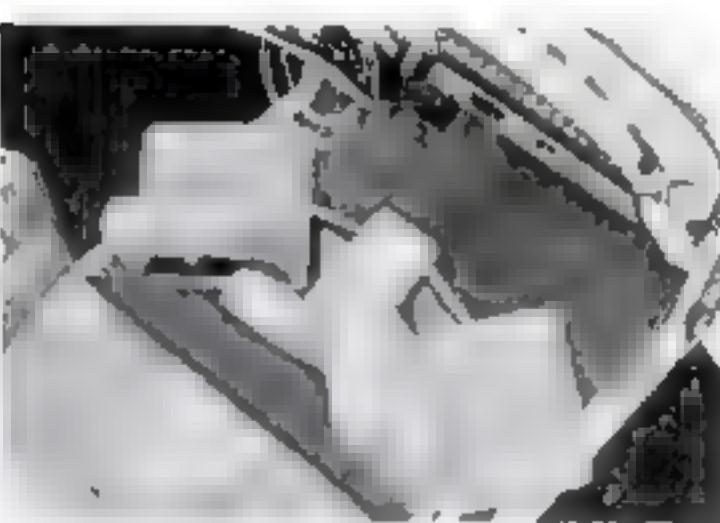
A drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes—Believe us—Chrysler Corporation cars are fun! They look like fun—they act like fun—and they trade like fun when it comes time to get a new one. But only a drive does the trick. The cars are their own best salesmen. Won't you drive one soon?

You're the fellow who had a jalopy just about as soon as you were old enough to drive.

You took it apart. You put it back together. You cleaned it. You babied it. You loved it.

And you felt a little sorry for the kid next door who didn't know as much about cars as you did—and never would.

We build the cars that "can do what they look like they can do" for you. Because you've grown up now and you're the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more, and knows where to look for it in the cars he buys.



Swivel Seats that turn to help you in and out make new cars of The Forward Look the easiest to get in and out of you ever saw. New body designs give added head and leg room besides!

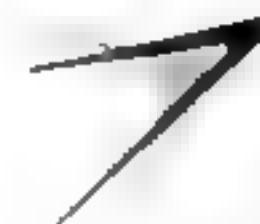
The '59ers are going to town!—Until you can actually drive a new car of The Forward Look, how about taking a quick ride in print . . .

Just slip in behind the wheel of your favorite Forward Look make—push the drive button and spring the hard-muscled power of a true Chrysler Corporation engine to life.

Isn't it fun to feel the snap and bite in that engine? Fun to feel

Cars that can do what they look like they can do

The new '59 quality Cars of The *Forward Look*
from Chrysler Corporation



PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

OF SCIDOTIFIC ADVANCE MY VOICE IS COMING TO YOU FROM A KEE SATELLITE CIRCLING IN OUTER SF

THE BIG BIRD ORBITS WORDS

A human voice, cradled in outer space, spoke a message as warm as the Christmas season it celebrated. "This is the President of the United States . . . my voice is coming to you from a satellite . . . I convey to you and to all mankind America's wish for peace on earth . . ."

Dwight Eisenhower's Christmas greeting—alternately in his own voice and in signal code from the tape reproduced above and below—was coming from an Atlas ICBM, in orbit around the world at more than 17,000 mph. Though technical considerations prevented the voice being heard direct throughout the world, it was relayed by the U.S. and was even grumpily acknowledged by Russian newspapers.

The orbiting Atlas, coming one year after the

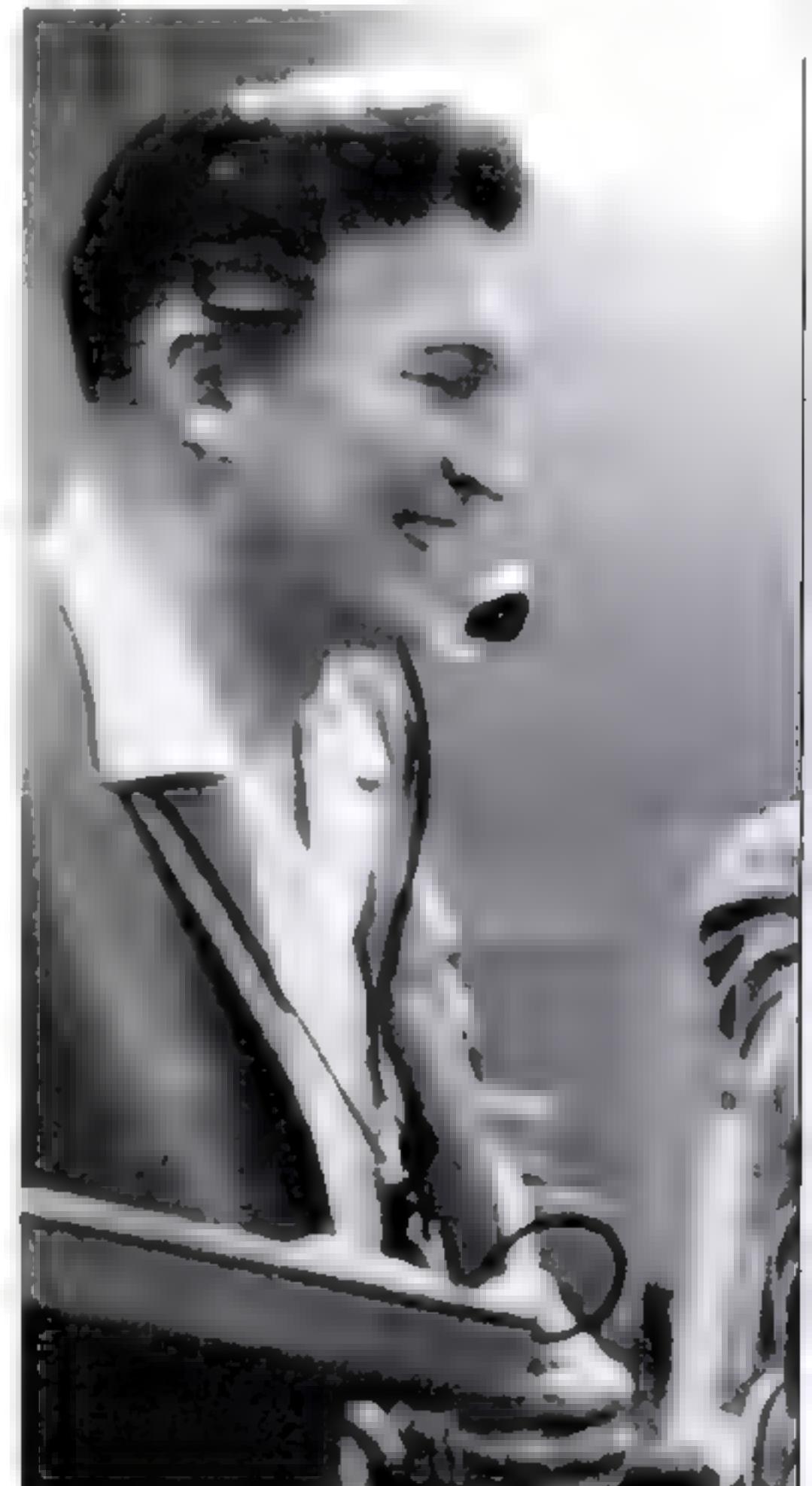
shocked and envious gloom of watching Russia's Sputniks streak across the sky, was America's unique peaceful Christmas gift to itself and the world. Out there was the largest single object—as long as a Pullman car—ever hoisted into orbit by man. Vastly more important than its size was the bloodless but marvelously responsive electronic system it carried. On order from below, as the Atlas sped on its successive 100-minute passes around the world, it repeated the President's words, erased them, accepted and rebroadcast new messages both in voice and code. Though defense officials called the performance "as primitive as a baby's first words," they also saw limitless potentialities for world communications: more

reliable radio channels and worldwide television relays (p. 19).

Putting Atlas up for all to hear was a marvel of high-speed but wondrously precise improvisation. It all began seven months ago when, on a visit to the Convair plant in San Diego, the chief of the Advance Research Projects Agency, Roy W. Johnson, heard that Atlas was capable of orbit. Offered a choice of stockpiled Atlases, Johnson chalked his name on one labeled 10-B. Thus Project SCORE (Signal Communications by Orbiting Relay Equipment) was born. The bird, called "the delicate beast," needed a sharp nose cone, a new richer fuel ratio to give longer burning, and provision for a guidance system to trim the big bird

FIRE! Test Conductor Curtis Johnston—in Texas tie for luck—presses a button which starts the firing sequence. He and Convair engineer Travis Maloy watch missile monitor screen

IT'S UP! Johnston raises clasped fists exultantly as Atlas mounts. He still thought it was a routine launch. Maloy—one of 88 in on secret, keeps his eyes on the screen.



OF SCIDOTIFIC ADVANCE MY VOICE IS COMING TO YOU FROM A KEE SATELLITE CIRCLING IN OUTER SF

A SIMPLE ONE . . . KEE THROUGH TH

MY MESSAGE IS A SIMPLE ONE

OF PEACE

into orbit from the ground. The Army Signal Corps was called upon to design the lightweight (10-pound) system of recorders, receivers and transmitters which make up the payload.

All this was cloaked in melodramatic secrecy, for SCORE was determined to avoid the kind of premature publicity which has turned some rocket launchings into propaganda embarrassments. The secret was so close-held that only a "club" (pp. 20-21) of 88 men ever knew what was going on. Indeed, as these pictures show, not even the man who pressed the firing button knew until Atlas was on its way to orbit. Once up there, Atlas showed an almost human frailty by making an occasional typographical error (on tape, top left).



MY MESSAGE IS A SIMPLE ONE
OF PEACE

THE SWITCH!

A. Malov still wears poker face Johnston 28-sp four minutes after launch when he suspects truth. Earphones carry word that trackers

LIFE

Vol. 46, No. 1 Jan. 5, 1959

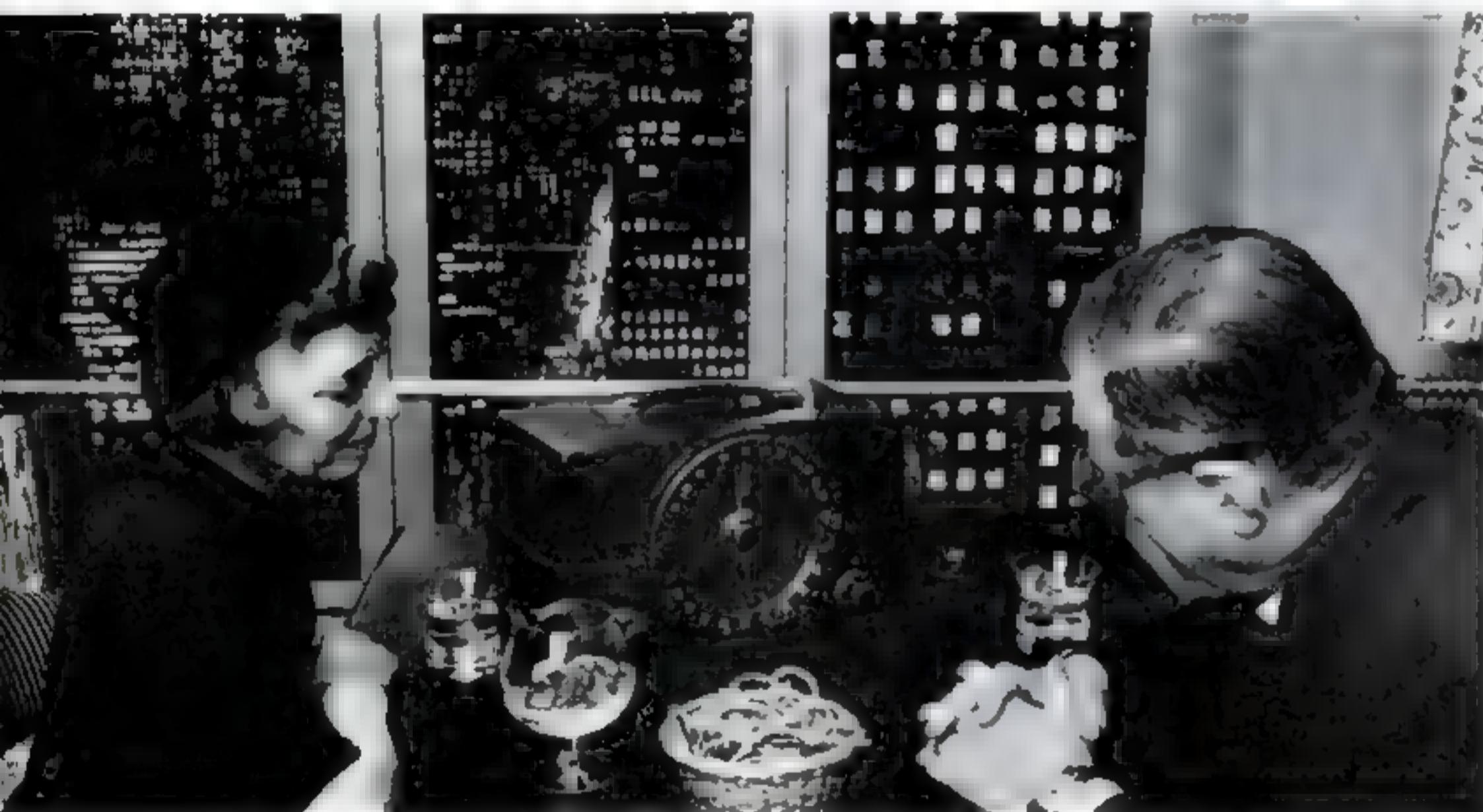


cannot compute point of impact in ocean. "I suspected then that computer didn't have anything to predict because Atlas was going to stay up there," he said. "Soon after Malov told me it was in orbit."



IN LONDON family of Louis Menage and three sons in their Kensington home wait before a V-S-1 for

President's message. Recording of voice from space was not broadcast in Britain until the second day.



IN NEW YORK tourists Mr. and Mrs. David Grossman listen to broadcast of historic message on table

radio. After saying cocktails in Top of the Six's restaurant, "I don't believe it," Mr. Grossman said



IN SAN FRANCISCO customers and Proprietor Enrico Bandurci (wearing beret) group around radio

in coffeehouse to hear message. One overenthusiastic listener yelled, "We have a man in space!"

SPACE CONTINUED



IN SEATTLE diners at Ivar's fish bar, Robert Lawrence and Frances Bruggeman, stop work to listen.

SPACE VOICE HAS A WIDE AUDIENCE

People around the world listened raptly to the first voice from outer space. In homes, schools, restaurants, they crowded close to radios to hear broadcasts of the President's 58-word message. All but a few words were clear in retransmission, but they sounded much like the muffled receding words of an early overseas broadcast. Ham radio operators tried to intercept the voice directly, but only those well-equipped and close to one of the four official tracking stations could get Atlas' broadcast.

The President (pp. 14, 15), hearing his voice from space shortly after it was received and recorded at Cape Canaveral, said, "That's one of the astounding things again in this age of invention. Maybe the next thing they'll do is televise pictures down here." Other listeners were speculating on how soon there would be direct communication with manned space vehicles. "I wonder what the phone rates will be up there," mused one Seattle housewife.



AT AIR FORCE ACADEMY cadets in radio club try unsuccessfully to pick up voice from Atlas.



FROM SPACE TO HAMTRAMCK, MICH., the President's voice comes into a home of an El Oleksak, sitting on couch with his wife Helen and

daughter Valerie, 9. On floor are son Ron, 12 (left) and two neighbors. Mrs. Oleksak was "so thrilled," said this event would usher in "a new era" of

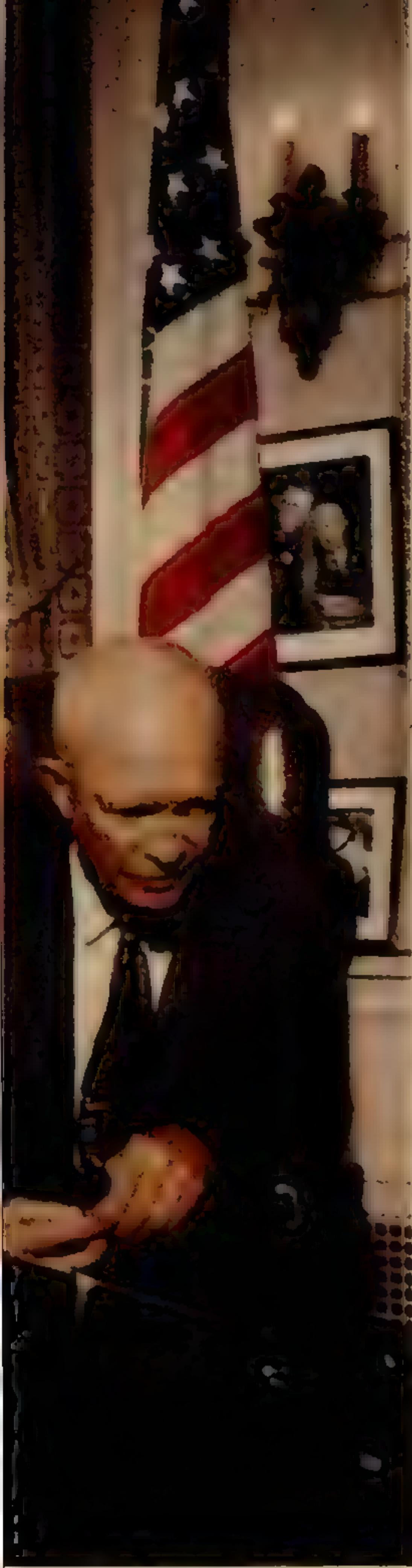


HEARING HISTORY as it is made, sixth-grade pupils in Santa Monica, Calif., listen to President Eisenhower's radio broadcast from space. The globe on the table is fitted with ping-pong balls to simulate satellites.

PENTAGON PLAYBACK of voice from space is run off for proud Air Force officials, including (front row, seated) Vice Chief of Air Force General Curtis LeMay and Air Force Secretary James H. Douglas.



OUTER-SPACE SPOKESMAN, President Eisenhower, listens for first sounds of his voice broadcast



from Atlas. He boards a flight of a plane record ed over phone from Cape Canaveral to White House.



DELIGHTED AT SUCCESS of experiment, President grins broadly as he listens. Though he noted

a bit of static, he felt that his first space message to the world had come through quite understandably.

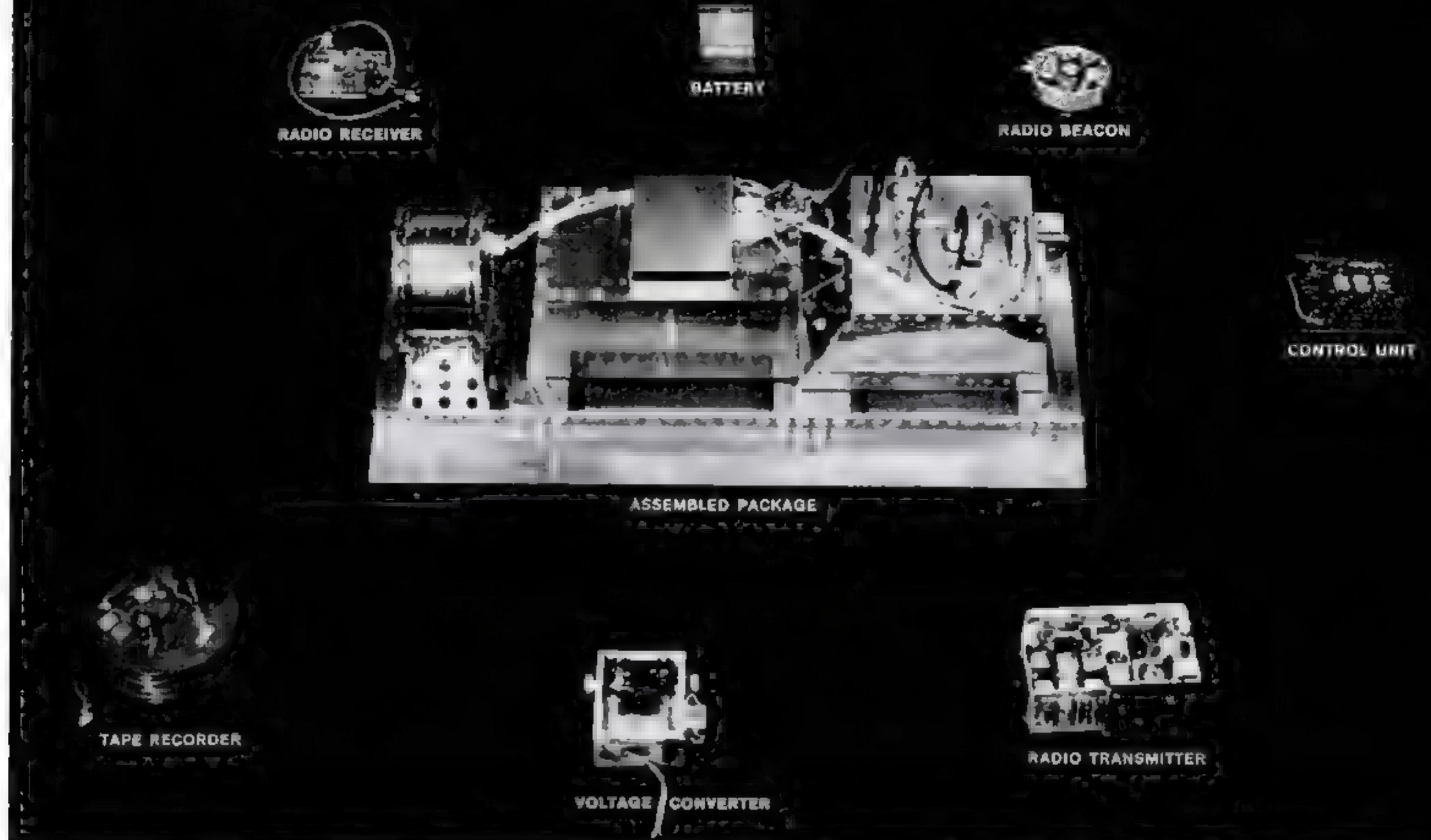
CONTINUED





ITS FROSTED TOP GLOWING EERILY IN
SEARCHLIGHTS' GLARE, ATLAS SPEWS
STEAM AND FLAME WHILE STABILIZERS
FLING FINGERS OF FIRE FROM SIDES





COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM of Atlas is here shown in separate parts around the assembled unit. System is powered by battery whose voltage is stepped up during transmission by voltage converter. Receiver gets messages from ground,

relays them to control unit which directs the whole system. Tape recorder records some messages, sends them back to earth when required through the transmitter. The radio beacon reports changes in internal temperature of the unit.

SUCCESS OF ATLAS OPENS A NEW ERA OF COMMUNICATION

The Atlas' brilliant success in relaying messages from orbit was brought about by the apparatus above. Scientists of the Army Signal Laboratory at Fort Monmouth, N.J., painstakingly adapted standard equipment, rearranged components, and hand-built the final system for this specific task.

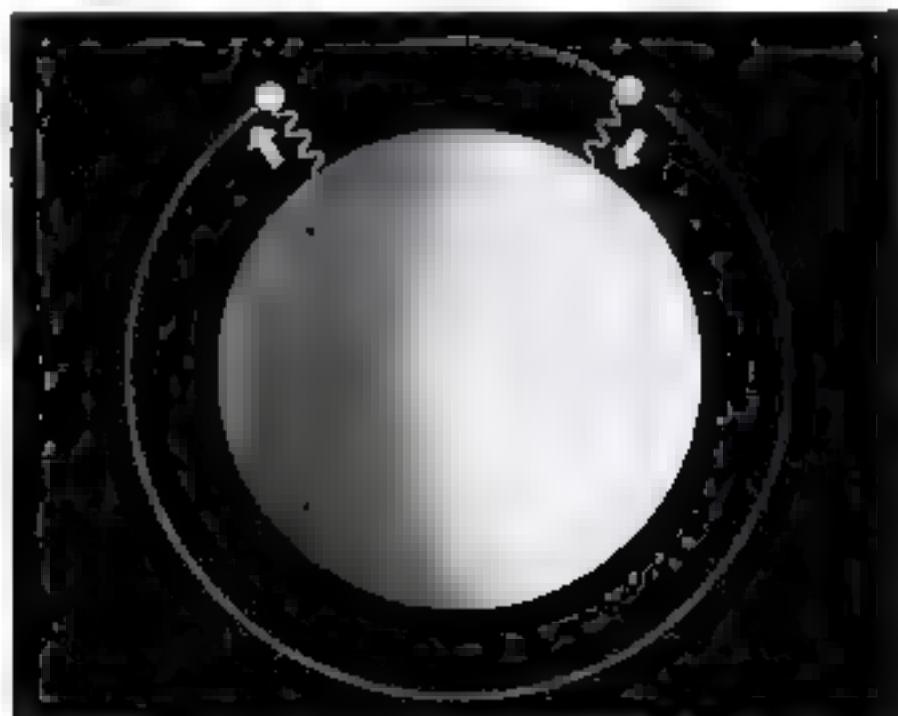
The component requiring the most ingenuity was the crucial control unit, a tiny electronic brain which performs several complex functions. Depending on the nature of the instructions it gets from the ground, it may

direct the tape recorder to play any one of a number of prerecorded messages, or to erase them entirely, or record new ones to be broadcast later. Or it may bypass the recorder altogether and retransmit the message directly back to earth.

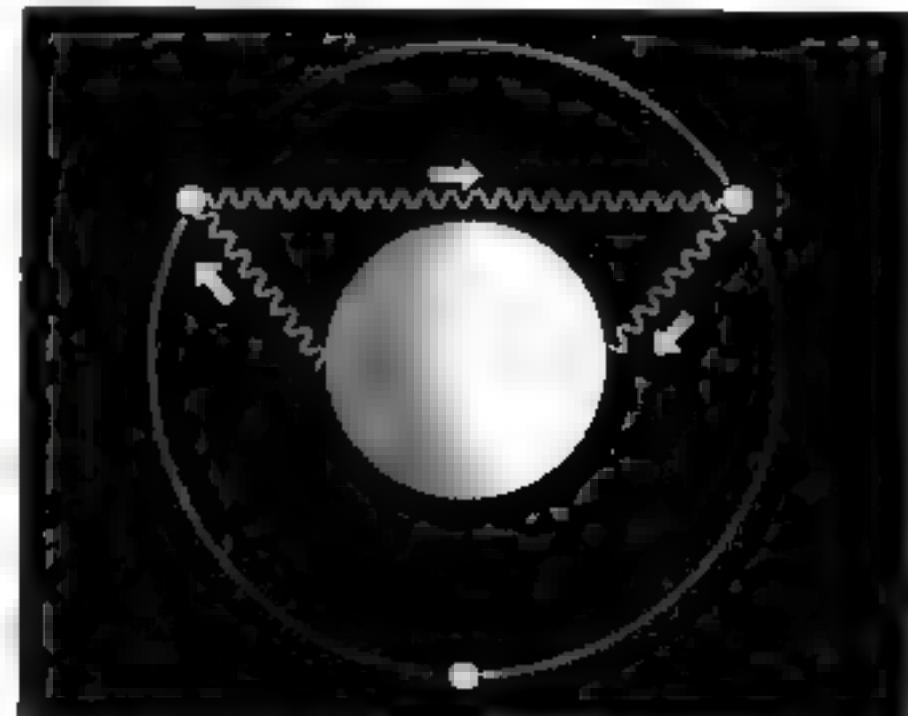
The Atlas achievement, which is no mere technical trick, is the forerunner of more sophisticated systems already proposed which would use satellites for worldwide broadcasting (*below*). There would be one overriding advantage to having satellites do these tasks:

they could use microwaves instead of the conventional radio signals. Standard radio waves, which can be made to travel around the earth, are subject to fading, distortion and jamming with every sunspot or atmospheric disturbance. Microwaves are far more reliable and could provide many new uncluttered channels, but they travel in straight lines and go right off into space. Satellites would intercept and relay them back to any desired point on earth. Television uses microwaves, and satellites would make possible intercontinental TV broadcasts.

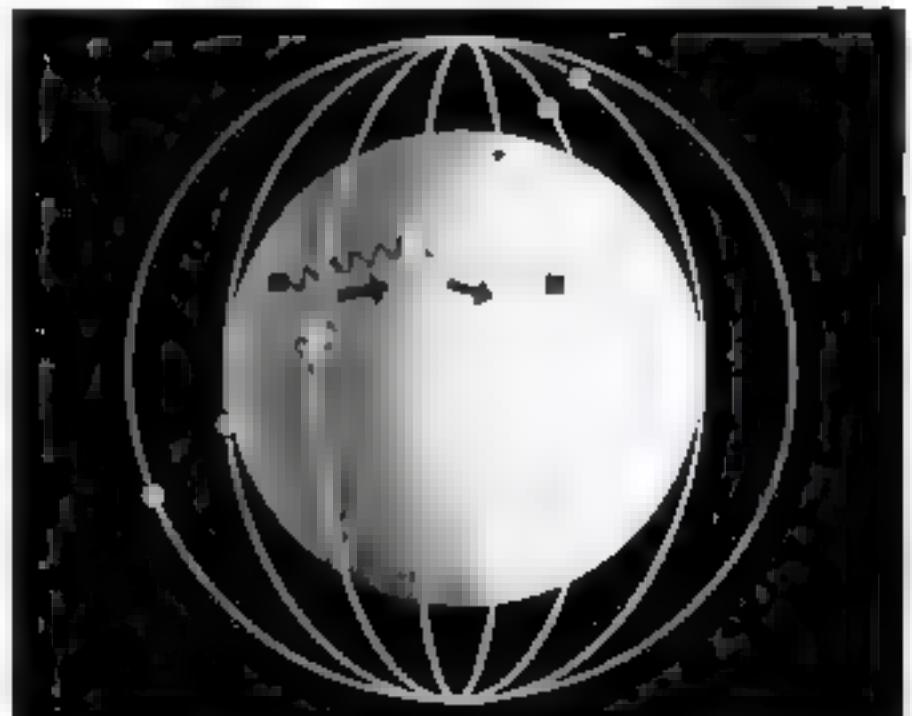
THREE WAYS OF USING SATELLITES FOR BROADCASTING



ATLAS SYSTEM of communication employs an orbiting satellite equipped to pick up and record spoken or written messages sent by radio signals (wavy lines) from stations on the earth. It can store the messages on a tape recorder for any length of time desired while it continues to circle the globe. When satellite comes in range of message's destination, its transmitter sends message down to receiving station.



"STATIONARY" PLAN, usable for simultaneous worldwide radio and TV broadcasting, calls for three satellites (left, right and bottom) which orbit over the equator at the same speed as earth's spin. They thereby remain over the same spot. Signals are relayed from one satellite to another, then transmitted back to destination on ground. Three properly placed satellites bring whole world in radio reach.



"MIRROR" SYSTEM, an alternate proposal for the stationary broadcasting system, requires 21 satellites. These are metalized balloons, rocketed into space, which carry no radio equipment. They simply act as reflectors, bouncing signals off their shiny surfaces back to ground stations. They move around the earth's poles in staggered orbits so that one is always in position to receive and bounce back signals.

EIGHT TOP MEMBERS OF THE EXCLUSIVE 88 CLUB



B. G. MacNABB
Convair Chief at Cape



COLONEL H. H. EICHEL
Missile Group Chief at Cape



LIEUT. COL. E. A. MEYER
Senior Atlas Project officer



ROY W. JOHNSON
Director of ARPA

HOW INSIDERS KEPT THEIR GREAT SECRET

THE group which prepared the Atlas for orbiting formed one of the most exclusive societies in the history of secrets. Known to its members as "the club," it numbered only 88 men until just before the firing. There was no grip and no password; the single requirement for admission was the absolute need to know this enormous spatial secret. Because they *did not* need to know, many high-ranking government officials, Air Force generals and executives of Convair were left outside the club while some of their subordinates were inside. One of the principal functions of club members, in fact, was to fool their most trusted associates. And few members actually knew who all their brethren were.

Head of the club and presiding over its Washington chapter was the Pentagon's Roy Johnson, chief of the recently created Advanced Research Projects Agency. Other club chapters came into being at Convair headquarters in San Diego, at the headquarters of Major General Bernard Schriever's Air Force Ballistic Missile Division in Inglewood, Calif., and in Fort Monmouth, N.J., where the Signal Corps began work on the communications system which would eventually transmit the famous message from honorary club member Dwight D. Eisenhower.

But the club's leading chapter, especially in the last hectic days before firing, was located at Cape Canaveral, Fla. Here, after Atlas Missile 10-B arrived from San Diego eight weeks ago, the final, critical preparations had to be made. Much of the work involving the installation of special equipment and the alteration of existing equipment on the missile had to be done at night after nonclub engineers and scientists had gone home. And so it happened that at scientifically oriented Canaveral, a community where every second man can deduce a big fact from the smallest scientific hint, a bare handful of club members manfully hedged to inquisitive nonmembers to make sure the secret was kept. If the word were to leak, the firing would be canceled.

In the period before the static test, when the engines are run while the missile is held on the stand, club activity began to speed up. A group of Army Signal Corps trailers with monitoring equipment for the missile's communications package was brought under false orders at night to Canaveral with the connivance of a cooperative but mystified provost marshal and parked in a remote spot. At the site, Chief Test Conductor Travis Maloy began putting in a rocket system which in a normal firing would be set off during flight to separate the nose cone for recovery at sea. Maloy knew he would have to take it out before the firing. To make it easily removable he had to do some extra wiring. His own associates, although puzzled as to why he was not hooking up the rockets in the usual way, went along. But design engineers back in San Diego heard about the changes and began to make complaints. Finally Maloy got a telephone call. It was from his fellow club member Deane Davis.

"What do you think you're doing out there?" Davis shouted at Maloy. "I understand you think you're redesigning the missile."

As the tirade continued, Maloy could not believe his ears. Here he was getting told off in no uncertain terms for club activities by another member. Maloy began to get angry. He tried to cut in on Davis and finally shouted him down. There was a moment of silence.

Suddenly Davis came on again, this time quietly. "It's all right now,

Trav," he said. "They've left the room. I had to make the call. I'm sorry. Go right ahead."

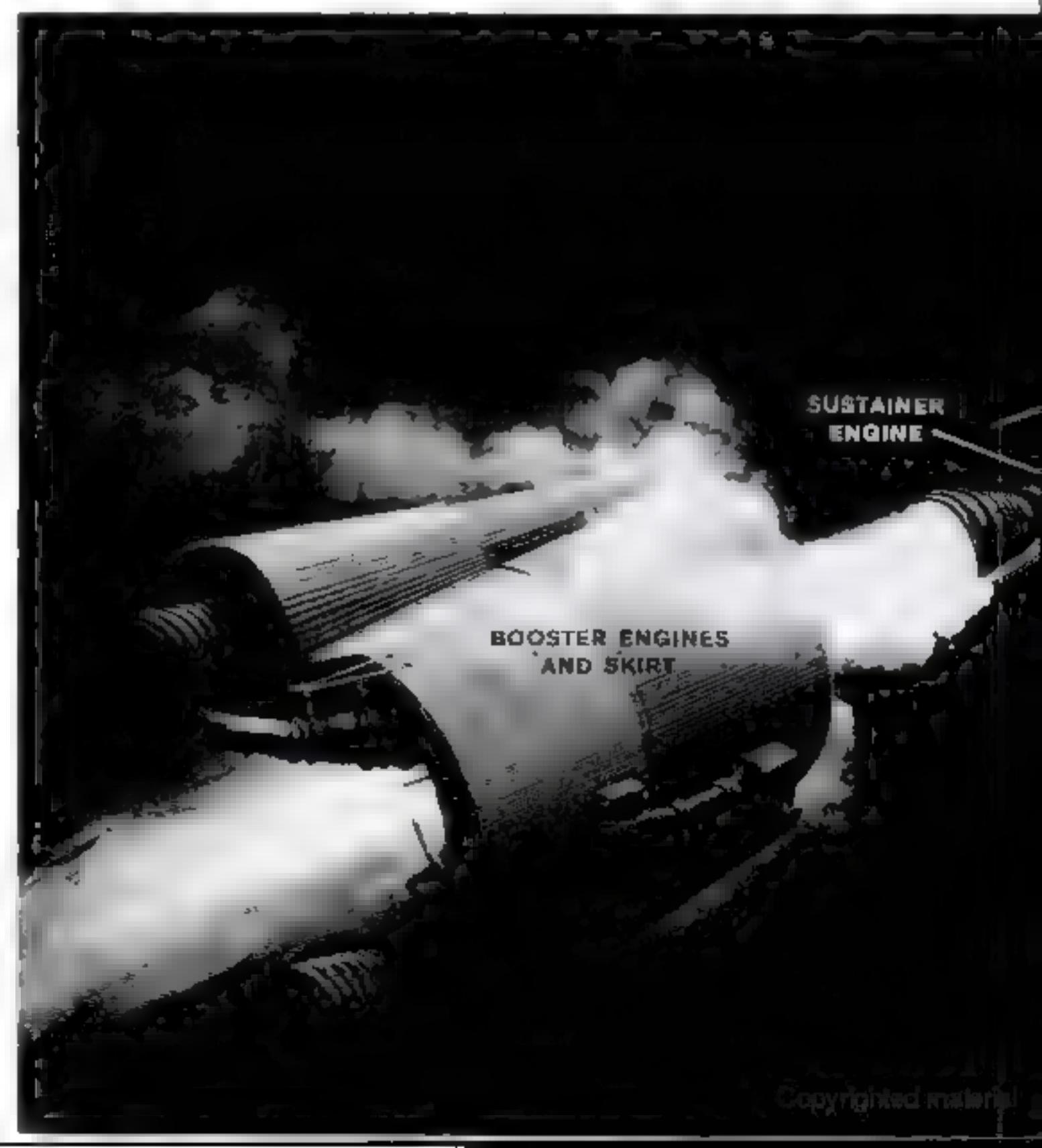
For B. G. MacNabb, Convair's operations boss at Canaveral, the pressure was particularly great. "We've got a smart bunch of engineers here," he said. "Not only did we have to make the changes, but we had to bitch about them as if Schriever and all the rest had gone crazy."

Speculation that something special was up began to reach a peak. Curtis Johnston, the engineer who was to press the button that would trigger 10-B on its journey, was not a club member. "What are you doing out there," he kept asking Maloy, "cuttin' holes in my bird?" Then a propulsion expert in the office of the Atlas program's project officer, Lieut. Colonel E. A. Meyer Jr., guessed the secret. One morning he wrote the number 25,000 on a blackboard, pointed to it and said, "I figure that's the speed she's going to reach." But the club members remained silent.

Two days before the firing, word came to change the blunt nose cone to a more streamlined one. The delicate operation was performed that evening. A quick look in the morning would tell nonclub members of the distinct change, but they would have 12 hours less to speculate about it. Maloy's painstakingly installed rocket system came out that night, too.

In the final 24 hours more important undercover changes were made.

THE CLUB'S SECRET, the four-and-a-half-ton Atlas 10-B, is drawn here in partial cutaway at moment when skirt containing booster engines, which helped get the missile off the ground, automatically dropped away after burning out. The





MAJOR GEN D N YATES
Head of AF test center at Cape



LIEUT. COL. R. D. STEPHENS
Range Safety Operations Chief



TRAVIS MALOY
Senior Convair Engineer



CAPTAIN D. P. PARRISH
Atlas Project guidance officer

Those who alone needed to know missile's true goal had to fool outsiders, associates and even each other

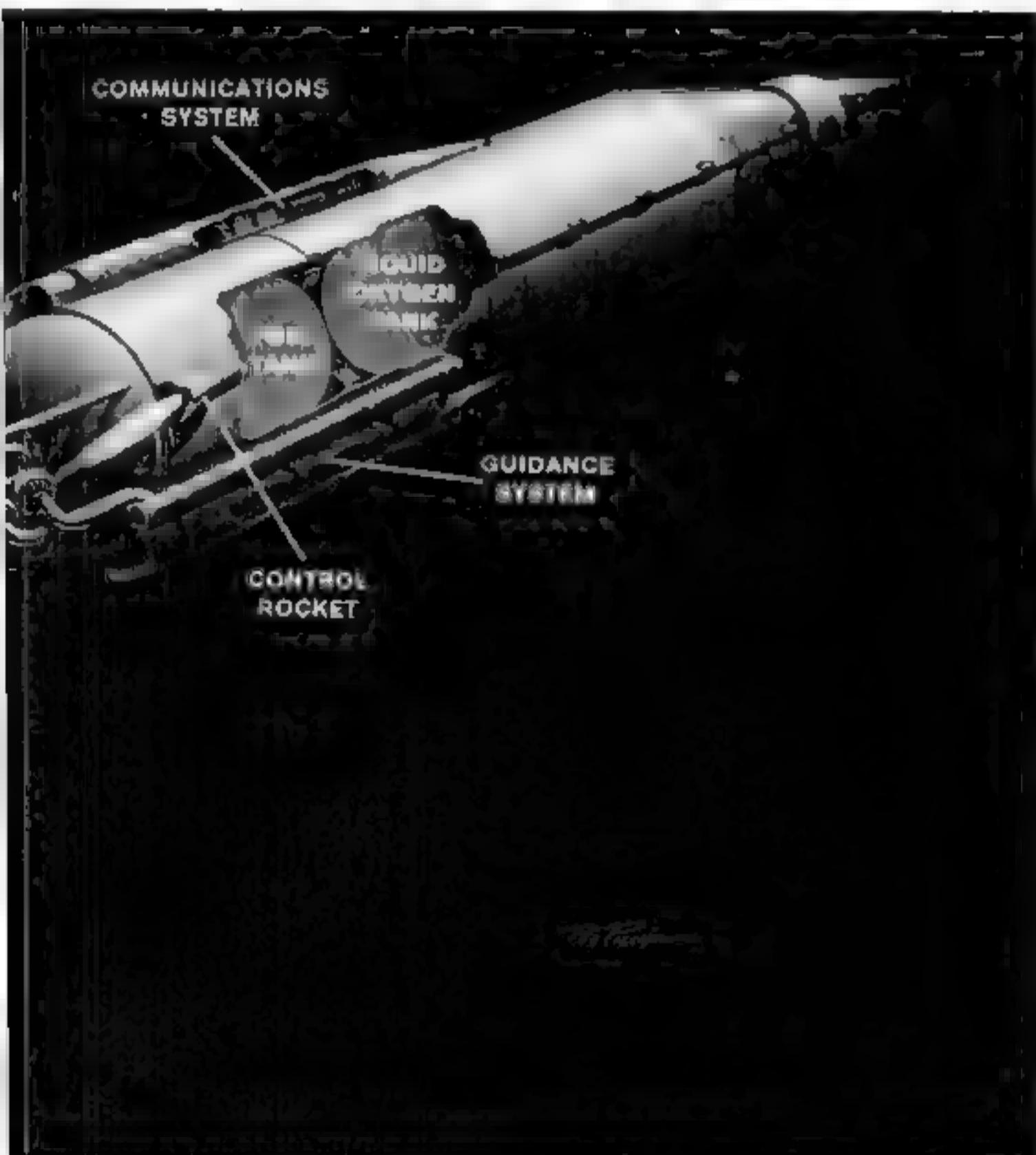
by LOUDON WAINWRIGHT

A device called the Azusa transponder, used in tracking missiles but not needed on this firing, was taken out altogether without the knowledge of the expert whose job during the countdown would be to check the fact that it was working properly. Unexpectedly, there was a last-minute switch of the taped message which the missile carried. In the communications package already installed was a tape of a message *not* by Eisenhower. The President's words would have to be placed in the missile.

There were two possible ways to do this. One was to go to the missile, take out the old tape and put in the new one. This would be a complex and time-consuming job. A simpler way would be to beam the new message from the Signal Corps' trailers to the missile, thereby automatically erasing the old one. But this would involve going on the air with a message that was not supposed to be heard until it was beamed back from the orbiting satellite. There was a remote but definite risk that an unsuspecting ham operator might pick up the transmission and thus tip off the whole operation. In the dark hours of the morning before firing, the new message was beamed into the missile. No outsiders heard it.

A blockhouse test indicated that the fuel cutoff mechanism for the main engine was operating. If this had been really so, the engine would have stopped burning too soon. Actually the cutoff was not working at

sustainer engine powered by fuel and liquid oxygen, continued to run. The guidance system, directed from the ground, used control rockets to steer Atlas into orbit. The communications system (preceding page) relayed messages from earth.



all. The man who was checking just thought it was. An accomplice of Maloy's had disconnected a wire and at the moment when the cutoff light would normally have flashed on the panel, he sent a charge in that caused the light to flash on schedule. Even the blockhouse was rigged.

The three-hour countdown started. In the central control building two miles from the launching pad, the men gathered who would track the progress of the missile after firing. A few club members were there, including Roy Johnson of ARPA and General Donald Yates, head of the Air Force Missile Test Center at Canaveral.

Twenty-seven minutes before time zero, the Azusa tracking equipment was to get a last check. Maloy, who knew this would indicate the Azusa was *not* working, left his seat at the main console board and told the operator to let him know if there was any difficulty. Sure enough, the check failed to get a response. The operator called Maloy.

This was a ticklish moment. The Azusa fulfills an important role in range safety precautions, and ordinarily a firing would be delayed if it were impaired. Club members Maloy and Meyer made a show of talking it over, then called range safety headquarters for permission to fire without the Azusa. Taking the call at the other end of the line, Lieut. Colonel and Chief of Range Safety Raymond Stephens astonished his staff by granting the unique request. Stephens, naturally, was in the club.

With only a few minutes left, tension for the club suddenly reached an almost unbearable point. But at seven seconds past 6:02 p.m. on Dec. 18, Test Conductor Johnston, who was suspicious but not quite sure where his bird was going, pressed the button that sent it on its way.

As the early moments ticked by, Safety Officer Stephens, staunchly ignoring reports that the bird was not following a normal path, did not exercise his option to destroy the missile. About 20 minutes after the firing a technician dashed up to an Air Force officer in the guidance station. The technician's job was to report where the missile had landed. "I've got an impact point, Captain," he shouted. "but it's 1,500 miles long!" This meant that the computer-controlled recording pen had gone right off its graph. 10-B had kicked into orbit.

Club members waited for two hours as the satellite sped around the world. Then, when they were completely sure the great feat had been accomplished, Roy Johnson called the White House. Only after the President had made his announcement did club members happily unburden themselves of their enormous secret. In the blockhouse, at central control, at the Convair hangar, the cheers rose as the word spread.

With its big job over, the club was unofficially dissolved. Members were subjected to plenty of good-natured joshing from their associates. There were a few non-initiates whose feelings were hurt because they had never been asked to join. In their glow of good feeling club members were anxious to make up for their deep exclusivity. At a dance held two days after the satellite firing, MacNabb approached a young Air Force officer, Captain Davis Parrish. "I'm awfully sorry we couldn't let you in," MacNabb said to him. Parrish smiled politely. "That's perfectly okay, Mr. Mac," he replied. "I understand." His smile grew broader as MacNabb walked away. For the past six weeks, unknown to MacNabb, Parrish had been a club member in excellent standing.

A CAPSULED MONKEY BLAZES TRAIL FOR

Epic trip shows humans can survive rocket take-off, gravity-free flight



MONKEY IN CAPSULE, being trained for future space flight at Navy School of Aviation Medicine Pensacola, Fla., is fastened as Old Reliable was in his epic flight. Body is cushioned in foam-rubber

mattress. On head is helmet of soft chamois and rubber. Parts of body are swathed in protective silicon rubber padding. Under padding tiny instruments record body processes and the sound of his voice.

As Director of the Astronautics Division of the U.S. Navy's Bureau of Medicine, Captain Norman Lee Barr was in charge of the project to prepare a monkey for flight into space. He headed a team from the Navy's School of Aviation Medicine and Research at Pensacola, Fla. and its Research Center at Bethesda, Md.

ALTHOUGH the 85-foot Atlas now circling the earth is an enormous achievement, we actually learned more about man's ability to survive in space from the 13-minute rocket flight last month of a 13-inch squirrel monkey named Old Reliable, who went 290 miles out into space. Despite his tiny size and tender age (9 months), the monkey's anatomical make-up and many of his emotional responses were virtually the same as those of man. As a result, we have been able to draw some startling conclusions about human space travel.

Before the flight a brilliant team of Navy doctors tested every conceivable physical response of five squirrel monkeys. They studied the monkeys' metabolism, measured their oxygen intake, their water vapor and carbon dioxide exhalation, body temperature and heat tolerance.

The five monkeys were also "trained" for the flight. Each was placed in the small space capsule, at first for brief periods, finally for more than 24 hours at a time. One of the monkeys—we gave him the name of Old Reliable—had far better reactions than the others. When placed in the capsule, he usually went right to sleep. He was never excited or disturbed by the confining metal tube or the array of straps and measuring devices attached to him. Because of his fine space personality, we chose Reliable to make the flight.

On Dec. 12 he was "dressed" for space. The doctors attached the measuring equipment: a tiny thermistor above his nose to measure rate of respiration; another thermistor under his arm to measure body temperature; chest electrodes to transmit an electrocardiogram; a stethoscopic microphone to pick up heart, breath and voice sounds.

Thirty minutes before launch time the capsule was slipped into the nose cone of an Army Jupiter missile at Cape Canaveral. In the blockhouse we watched the dials that showed Reliable's reactions. The monkey was far less excited than we were. True to form, he went to sleep.

Over the loudspeaker came the words: "5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . . Ignite." As the Jupiter lifted from the pad, Reliable awoke, still untroubled but aware of the gradual acceleration. As he awoke his pulse rate rose from 230 to 250, a normal increase comparable to that of a man awakening.

As the rocket pulled away, Reliable's body was subjected to a pull of between eight and 10 times the force of gravity. For the first 20 to 30 seconds the monkey breathed regularly, then began holding his breath and exhaling in deep sighs. This was a perfectly normal response to the heaviness he was feeling. His heartbeat rose from 250 to 280.

Although we had not expected a significantly large rise in heartbeat, we were surprised at how small the increase was. It was no greater than the change a man would experience if he got up from a chair and walked across a room.

After 2½ minutes the word "Burnout" came from



CAPTAIN BARR

MAN IN SPACE

by CAPT. NORMAN BARR, M.D., USN

the loudspeaker. The missile was now in free flight.

This was the moment we had been waiting for. Now we were going to watch Reliable's reactions under true gravity-neutral conditions for more than eight minutes. As the seconds ticked away, we became almost in redolous.

Immediately after burnout, Reliable's respiration dramatically returned to normal. Within 45 seconds his pulse rate leveled off. Watching the dials, one of the doctors kept repeating over and over, "This is amazing! This is amazing!"

Reliable was experiencing no ill effects whatsoever. The weightlessness did not even disturb his placid disposition. Any tension would have registered in an immediate rise in pulse rate, but he rode calmly along, chattering amiably as he always had.

During the entire eight minutes and 20 seconds of gravity-free flight, Reliable's responses did not once waver from complete normalcy. The astounding truth is that nothing happened. The first primate ever to arch through space for an appreciable period of time was hardly affected by the experience.

This is of immense significance to man. With a single exception, Reliable was experiencing the same physical conditions man will one day know in space, and we have every reason to believe that man's reactions will be essentially the same.

The exception, of course, is that man will think about what is going to happen to him. He will be much more excited than a squirrel monkey, and he will not be likely to take a nap during the 30 minutes before take-off! The first space man's knowledge of his role will surely increase the magnitude of his reactions, but I do not believe the increase will be intolerable. Thanks to Reliable, we can now say with virtual certainty that man is physically capable not only of rocket take-off but of sustained, gravity-free flight through space.

When the returning nose cone hit the atmosphere, Reliable was subjected to a great force 40 times that of gravity. His pulse rose a few points higher than our 280 rate during take-off and his breathing again became irregular, but he never lost consciousness.

When the gravity force diminished, Reliable's responses returned to normal, then increased again as the nose cone's two recovery parachutes popped open at about 8,000 feet. Reliable then calmed down until his vehicle dropped into the water.

One thing marred this remarkable flight. Unfortunately the pressures encountered by the missile apparently made a slight crack in the surface of the nose cone. The cone apparently filled with water and finally sank. At a depth of 100 feet the capsule, built to withstand only that much water pressure, must have split open, instantly drowning Reliable.

Although it may sound sentimental coming from a scientist, we were all saddened. Of course, from a purely scientific standpoint, we would have liked to recover the monkey to find out, among other things, what effects high-altitude cosmic rays had had on him. But more than that, we all liked Reliable.

ELABORATE RECOVERY SYSTEM goes into action after nose cone (bottom, with a monkey capsule shown in cutaway) hits the water. Attached are twin parachutes which opened at 8,000 feet to help break the fall. On the surface is a balloon which was ejected at 6,000 feet. It spreads fluorescent dye on the water, giving the whole area a yellow-green glow. Its strobe light flashes brightly and its radio antenna (inal) nearby boat and planes



A LOOK AT



A PARLIAMENTARY PAJAMA PARTY IN KOREA

In South Korea members of the Democratic opposition brought bedding into the national assembly, staged a round-the-clock sitdown strike to try to block a bill to tighten security

laws. The strikers made such a fuss the assembly was disrupted for six days. Police, 300 of them, moved in, battled strikers and dragged them out. Then the bill was pushed through.



INGRID SCHMIDT WITH HER NEW HUSBAND

At their country home 20 miles from Paris, Ingrid Bergman, 43, and Lars Schmidt, 41, a Swedish millionaire, showed themselves to photographers for the first time since their

secret wedding in London. It was the second marriage for Schmidt, the third for Ingrid. The annulment of her marriage to Rossellini is still awaiting final approval by an Italian court.



CALIFORNIA CONFUSION

In Hollywood, 95 pedigreed pooches of a couple of dozen different breeds were rounded up and herded onto specially constructed bleachers to make a TV commercial for a new dog food. All that the dogs had to do was to sit for ten seconds while a film was made. But getting them to do it took a total of seven hours.



THE WORLD'S WEEK



NATO'S SOLID ORGANIZATION IN PARIS

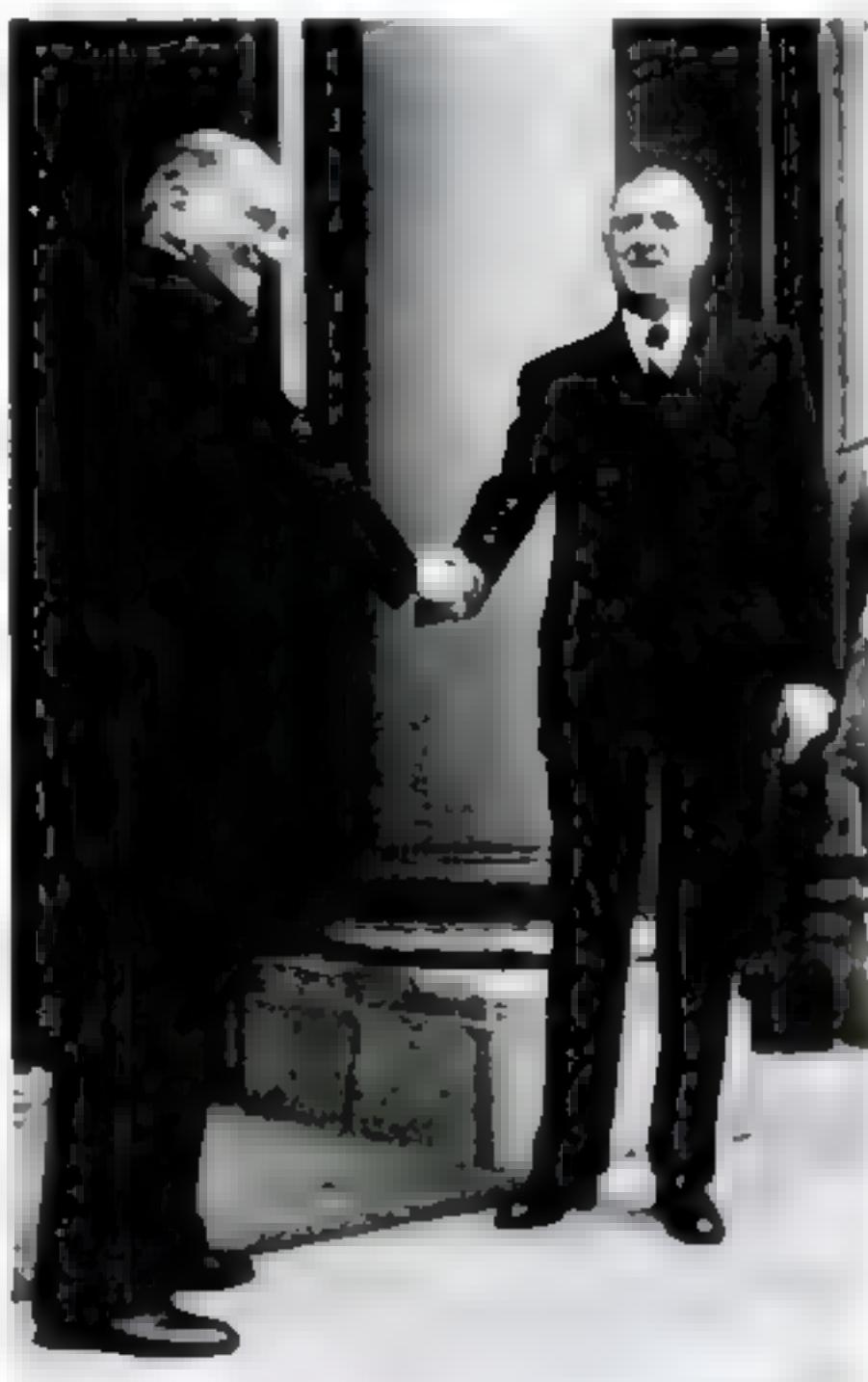
In Paris delegations to the NATO Ministerial Council meetings for their post-war American delegations in front are Belgium's Paul Henrion, Greek Chairman of the North Atlantic council and Netherlands' J. M. A. H. T. L. president of the council. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles sat at the head of the meeting.

Defense Secretary Neil McElroy beside him. In the front left, second row, is British Foreign Minister Selwyn Lloyd. France's Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville is third from right in next to top row. In today's talks the ministers solidly backed a U.S. position of resisting Russia's pressure to pull out of Berlin.



GLUM NEWS FOR GOLDFINE

In Boston, Bernard Goldfine came sad-faced from federal district court after getting the maximum jail sentence for contempt of court. Goldfine had been indicted for contempt of Congress.



PRESIDENTS IN AND OUT

The new French president, General de Gaulle, was congratulated on his election by the old one, René Coty, at the Elysée Palace in Paris. De Gaulle's residence for the next seven years.



CULT OF EVITA is carried on by women who carry picture of Perón's dead wife in prayer books, address their prayers to her, and want to have her made a saint.



PERON RELICS preserved by a Buenos Aires family include the portraits of the Peróns over lighted candle, newspaper accounts of his fall from power in 1955.



PERONISTA STALWARTS, THE LEADERS OF BIG LABOR GROUP CALLED "62,"

IN TIMES OF TROUBLE, A PERONISTA REPRISE

Deposed Dictator Juan Perón was comfortably and quietly holed up in a fancy Dominican Republic resort. But back home in Argentina his fanatical followers were noisily noticeable again. Taking advantage of amnesty recently granted them by President Arturo Frondizi, whom they supported for election, the *Peronistas* are trying for a political comeback. So far they are only troublemakers. In a country now facing a deep economic crisis, they may become dangerous.

Since Perón's exile, no Peronist has been allowed to run for office. But millions of *descamisados*—or "shirtless ones"—the working class whose support Perón systematically courted—dreamed only of their dictator's return, supported by women who all but worship the memory of Eva Perón. Now, with a motto of *Perón ó Muerte* (Perón or Death), Peronist political leaders are trying to form a new party. Using their biggest weapon, control of nearly two thirds of Argentina's labor unionists, they are calling strikes to cripple the government's economic program. Frondizi had to use troops to put down the biggest strike, a national railway walkout. If things continue to get worse in a country ridden with inflation and critically short on foreign credit, the *Peronistas* might one day again sweep a dictator into power—Perón himself, or some political henchman who has managed to keep Perón's memory profitably warm.



FERVENTLY CHANT ARGENTINE NATIONAL ANTHEM AT CLOSE OF STRIKE MEETING IN BUENOS AIRES



LOCAL PERONISTA MEETING brings activists to substitute homegrown political organizations. Such

gatherings, banned during recent elections, now are legal. The group is preparing *Peron o Marte* card



INFLATION WORRY brings man to a money shop to check the latest foreign exchange rates of peso



MAKING MONEY, treasury workers are printing new pesos to keep up with the inflated demand



STORE STAFF IS USED IN SIDEWALK ADVERTISING

STOPGAP NEWS FOR NEW YORK

City misses strike-stopped papers

For nearly three weeks, no news was bad news for New Yorkers. While striking deliverers kept all the major newspapers shut down, the people found themselves in a disquieting vacuum. Broadway shows opened, stores had sales, couples got engaged, friends died, scandals were uncovered, comic strip heroes pursued their adventures—all in oblivion so far as New Yorkers were concerned.

Local businessmen, having lost their major advertising outlet, turned to eye-starting stunts to attract the public. New Yorkers, to slake their thirst for news, combed mimeographed digest sheets or out-of-town newspapers sold at scalpers' prices. Radio and TV told of world-shaking events in a few words, but this gave only partial satisfaction. It was the unreported background and the all-important bits and pieces of daily life that people missed and left them longing for their daily papers.



TO ADVERTISE "TOM THUMB" MOVIE A TROUPE OF MIDGETS PASS OUT HANDBILLS IN FRONT OF QUEENS

IN STERN'S WINDOW EYE-CATCHING GIRL WRITES GIFT IDEA ON BLACKBOARD, DISPLAYS IT TO PASSERSBY



ON TV JACK PAAR READS REVIEWS OF NEW MUSICAL





THEATER HIRED BY LOEW'S THE MIDGETS TOURED NEW YORK WHEREVER THE FILM WAS BEING SHOWN

"WHOOP UP" AS STAR NAMED ASIA LISTENS



WITHOUT COMMUTERS OPIATE, A PAPER, PASSENGERS HAVE NOTHING—OR ALMOST NOTHING—TO DO



EATER'S DIGEST of today's news bulletins is avidly studied by the Schenck's executives as a daily study. Eva Heber is shown in her seat at lunch. Similar digests will be given on four stations by the network.



AS RADIO STAR, Ted Brashier of the New York Times provided a fresh kind of news TV broadcasting. The front page of the daily edition, which was prepared as a recorded record but was not printed

Of three major challenges the U.S. will face in 1959, there is some good news about meeting one of them. The danger of inflation is greatly reduced by the President's announcement last week that he will propose a 1959-60 budget balanced at about \$77 billion. Considering the size of the current deficit (over \$10 billion) and the mounting pressures for more federal spending, this is quite an achievement and meant a tough fight inside the Administration. That fight will be repeated on a much bloodier scale, to be sure, when Congress gets into the act.

The battle for fiscal self-discipline has been led by Secretary Anderson, who deserves congratulations for his unpopular toughness, as does Ike for backing him up. The budget balancers had a few good breaks. Some of this year's expenses are

nonrecurring, such as the soil bank and (it is hoped) unemployment insurance. As recovery spreads, present tax rates are expected to yield record revenues. If this assumption is sound, all the more reason for Congress and the people to support a balanced budget; for a deficit would be inexcusable in a year as prosperous as 1959 now looks to be.

As we've said before, a good budget is only one weapon against inflation. Another is the tax structure itself, and the reform of ours should be high on the economic agenda in the coming year. We shall need a steadily expanding economy as well as a sound dollar if all the requirements of the cold war (see below) are to be met. But with Anderson's budget victory, at least we are off to a good start.

MIKOYAN'S WAR: A DANGER IN '59

A second challenge of 1959 is symbolized by the forthcoming visit to these shores of Anastas Mikoyan, the No. 2 Russian Communist. Whoever handles his public relations, we doubt if he seduces much U.S. opinion. The Mikoyan menace lies elsewhere—in the so-called "ruble war" which Khrushchev declared on us over a year ago and which the astute Armenian Mikoyan is running.

Not counting the business it does with its satellites and Red China, Russia is a pretty minor factor in world trade—about in a class with Denmark. In the last three years, however, Mikoyan has been pointing this trade like a gun, backed by sizable credits and aid, at a few selected and vulnerable targets. His chief targets are Afghanistan, Egypt, Syria, India, Iraq, Indonesia and Yemen, with recent forays into Latin America and black Africa as well. Soviet economic agents and technicians, thoroughly trained in local language and customs, are multiplying in many strategically located underdeveloped countries. The object in all cases is not mutual profit or development, but political penetration. A subsidiary motive is the disruption of established markets, as by erratic dumping of tin or aluminum or the purchase of Brazilian coffee (which Russians don't drink).

Small as it is compared with U.S. trade and aid, the Soviet economic drive was correctly called by Eisenhower "a new, subtle and long-range instrument" of warfare. Although it is taken quite seriously by most responsible U.S. officials, the U.S. response to it is not yet adequate. The State Department's new Development Loan Fund is a good beginning; so are the enlarged facilities of the World Bank, Monetary Fund and Export-Import Bank; so are moves to encourage more foreign investment on the part of Britain, France, West Germany and Japan. But the challenge will not be fully met until private American capital and management are more massively enlisted in the development of backward economies than they are now. At least three committees are preparing suggestions on how to stimulate the export of U.S. business skills, especially in other fields than oil (which represents a disproportionate share of our present involvement). Ideas for this purpose are very much needed and more will be heard about them in 1959.

Khrushchev once candidly admitted, "We value trade least for economic reasons and most for political purposes." The U.S. must bump itself to prove that sound and bold free-enterprise economics are the best politics in the long run.

EXCELLENCE: A MODEL FOR ANY YEAR

One of the challenges of 1959 has been with us since the Republic was born. It is that "tug of war between excellence and equality" described in the Rockefeller Brothers' Fund report on U.S. education, *The Pursuit of Excellence*. How can the superior brains and qualities our system needs and values be rescued from the manifold temptations of mere prosperity?

Vannevar Bush, the distinguished scientist-administrator-educator, recently addressed himself to this problem in a speech to a boys' school. He proposed a new model of excellence for our society and called it "the gentleman of culture." This title, he allowed, might be disliked for its old feudal and plutocratic associations. Yet two of the claims of those defunct classes to the name of gentleman, namely property and leisure, are possessed by most Americans today. "The stuffed shirt among us is nearly extinct," says Bush. "Our people have a mobility such as kings never dreamed of." But mere success will not keep our democracy secure without the guidance of "an influential minority among us which can rise above petty things."

True culture, as Bush defines it, "consists of a broad grasp of the world in which we live, and of the people who inhabit it." It includes some knowledge of astronomy and solid state

physics, since things are happening in these fields that "open and expand man's mind." The gentleman of culture "is a man who aspires to wisdom, because of his keen interest and broad knowledge of all that conditions his relations with his fellows; who goes beyond this and strives to add to the sum total of human intellectual accomplishments, and to establish thinking on a higher and broader plane. He is a man who is modest and kind to the humble and the unfortunate. Above all, he is a man with a mission to minister to the welfare of the society in which he lives, and who takes a just pride in his guidance and his leadership. He is a member of that modern select group upon which the continuance and further development of our free way of life intimately depends."

It's a long time since Polonius, Lord Chesterfield—or even Horatio Alger—won assent for their models of gentlemanly achievement and behavior. To pursue excellence as a people, we need to know excellence when we see it. It needs fresh codification, especially in an age when achievement is so specialized, and popularity so cheap, as in ours. Let models and definitions of excellence, like Bush's "gentleman of culture," multiply among us in 1959.



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Make it a bowlful glowing with the goodness of the famous Campbell Tomato—picked red-ripe, juicy-fresh. Tenderly simmered to velvety smoothness. Gently seasoned to flavor perfection. Everybody loves Campbell's Tomato Soup. Ready in 4 minutes, less than 7¢ a serving... it's one of 21 Campbell's Soups that make a pleasure of the happy habit—once a day...every day—SOUP!



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There is no fatiguing vibration. You rest and relax completely. You find luxurious new beauty and comfort in the cabins and lounges.

Soon the advantages of 707 flight will be available on additional airline routes. Ask your airline or travel agent to book you on the 707—the most thoroughly flight-tested aircraft ever to enter commercial service.

These airlines have ordered 707s or shorter-range 720s:
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BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS • BRITISH OVERSEAS
AIRWAYS CORPORATION • CONTINENTAL AIR LINES
CUBANA DE AVIACION • LUFTTHANSA GERMAN AIRLINES
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS • QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS
SAFENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES • SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES • UNITED AIR LINES • VARIG AIRLINES
OF BRAZIL • Also the MILITARY AIR TRANSPORT SERVICE

BOEING 707 and 720



**BOEING
707**

ROCKEFELLER RESORT

Laurance opens Puerto Rico hotel

"My aim," said Laurance Rockefeller, younger brother of Nelson, "was to bring people close to nature in a harmonious setting." The achievement of his aim is an \$11 million hotel in Puerto Rico where guests live not only in harmony with nature but in considerable luxury. The low, modernistic buildings of the Dorado Beach Hotel snuggle among palm trees 20 miles west of San Juan on the ocean's edge, almost hidden from sight except by air (right). Its guests sleep in beach houses and cabanas with the surf pounding a few yards away. The most spectacular part of the hotel is its golf course, built up out of a once impenetrable swamp. Last month Rockefeller flew in a few planeloads of friends and golf pros for a formal opening of the course and hotel.

Rockefeller's decision to build a resort in Puerto Rico was partly sentimental, prompted by the island's struggle to pull itself up by its economic bootstraps. He was not interested in turning quick profits. The last hotel he opened, Caneel Bay Plantation in the Virgin Islands, he gave away along with half of the island of St. John as a national park. Cost of the gift: \$6 million. Eventually Rockefeller expects to retrieve his investment at Dorado Beach by selling off choice real estate adjoining the golf course.

To build the course, 400,000 cubic yards of earth had to be moved in to fill the swamp and plane loads of turf for greens flown in from Florida. The result is a challenging 7,115-yard layout with half its holes along the ocean or lagoons. But the difficulties golfers encounter are offset by soothing winds from the sea and exotic palms along the fairways.



DECENTRALIZED LUXURY of Dorado Beach Hotel has sleeping units strung out from main building. Jutting into sea at top is fourth hole of golf course.

PALM TREES CAST SHADOWED STRIPES ACROSS THE FAIRWAY AS PROS AND CADDIES COME IN ON 18TH HOLE DURING TOURNAMENT THAT OPENED THE HOTEL





SLOTTED WALL of cocktail lounge, one of Dorado's many modernistic touches, resembles huge IBM card. Niche holding rum bottles supply unusual lighting

effect by day and create intriguing pattern when seen from the outside at night. Balcony at left affords panoramic view of surf, paragliders, or lounge lizards.

SURFSIDE DINING in main building is so close to waves that salt spray smudges windows. Room fans and fan are uninterrupted 180° view of the sea and trees.

SALT-WATER POOL with underwater lighting gives off a soft glow after sunset. The pool is fed by a salt water spring which is 1 and 20 feet below the ground.





GUEST OF HONOR at the dedication of the Dorado Beach Hotel, Governor Luis Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico, greets visitors before the formal dinner.



WITH COURSE DESIGNER Robert Trent Jones (left). Rockefeller walks fairway. Famous golf architect Jones considers this one of his masterpieces.



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Better "makin's"

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This recipe, teamed up with Marlboro's improved filter, gives you a generous helping of flavor in a smoke of surprising mildness.

You can tell today's Marlboro by the new gold crest on the package.





HEADIN' FOR HOME ON GIANT SPRAL HOPSCOTCH FIGURE CALLED A "SNAIL," A SAINT ELMO PUPIL TRIES TO HOP 66 SQUARES WITHOUT LANDING ON A LINE.



IN A SNAIL, a girl keeps her balance precariously as she speeds rapidly toward the center.

Hipped on Hopscotch

CHATTANOOGA PUPILS LEARN AS THEY LEAP

Saint Elmo Elementary in Chattanooga, Tenn., must be the hopscotch-happiest school in the U.S. Every free moment during the day the school's corridors are jumping with throngs of youngsters leaping over hopscotch panels of different shapes painted on the floors. One giant spiral (above) is 18 feet in diameter and the school believes it is the world's biggest.

Saint Elmo's principal, Herbert Kaiser, got the idea of institutionalizing Hopscotch three years ago as a means of helping the children let off steam on rainy days. Mr. Kaiser himself helped paint the panels. The game, he discovered, has solid educational merits too. It helps the kindergartners learn to count and older youngsters how to use Roman numerals.

SOPHISTICATED VERSION of game, using Roman numerals → occupies youngsters during recess

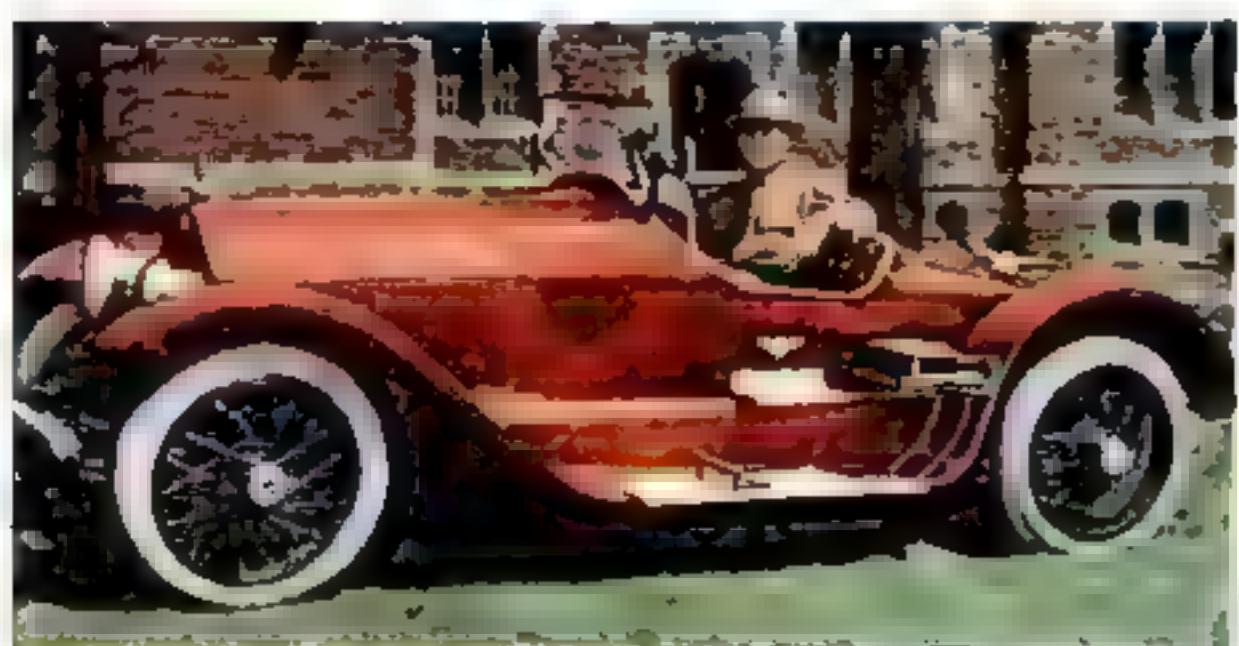


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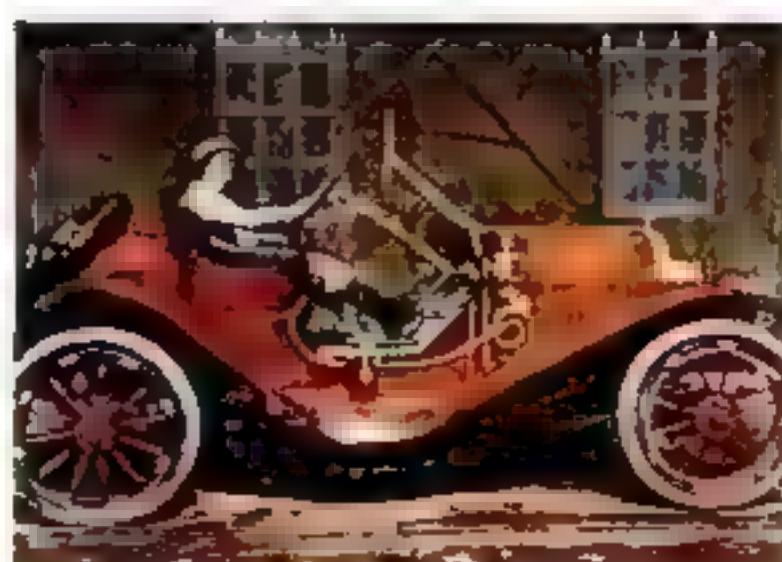


IN WHIRL OF FLYING LEGS youngsters race around giant "snail" during free-for-all after lunch period. For the moment the subtleties of hopscotch are

forgotten and now everyone simply concentrates on keeping up with the circular stampede, all hot on each other's heels to an inevitable pile-up in the middle.



Mr. Martin McMartin St. Martin III, famous sports car buff, says: "For love or money, you can't beat a Stutz Bearcat for style or stamina. The same thing is true of Springmaid sheets. I used them on my yacht until I lost it in the storms of the recession. But I salvaged the running lights and made seat covers out of the sheets. My driving cape came from the draperies, but my crash helmet was designed in London. You can't go wrong on a Stutz Bearcat."



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speeds up to 600 mph, high up above the weather, you'll be flying faster than ever before—but with no sensation of speed, none at all of height.

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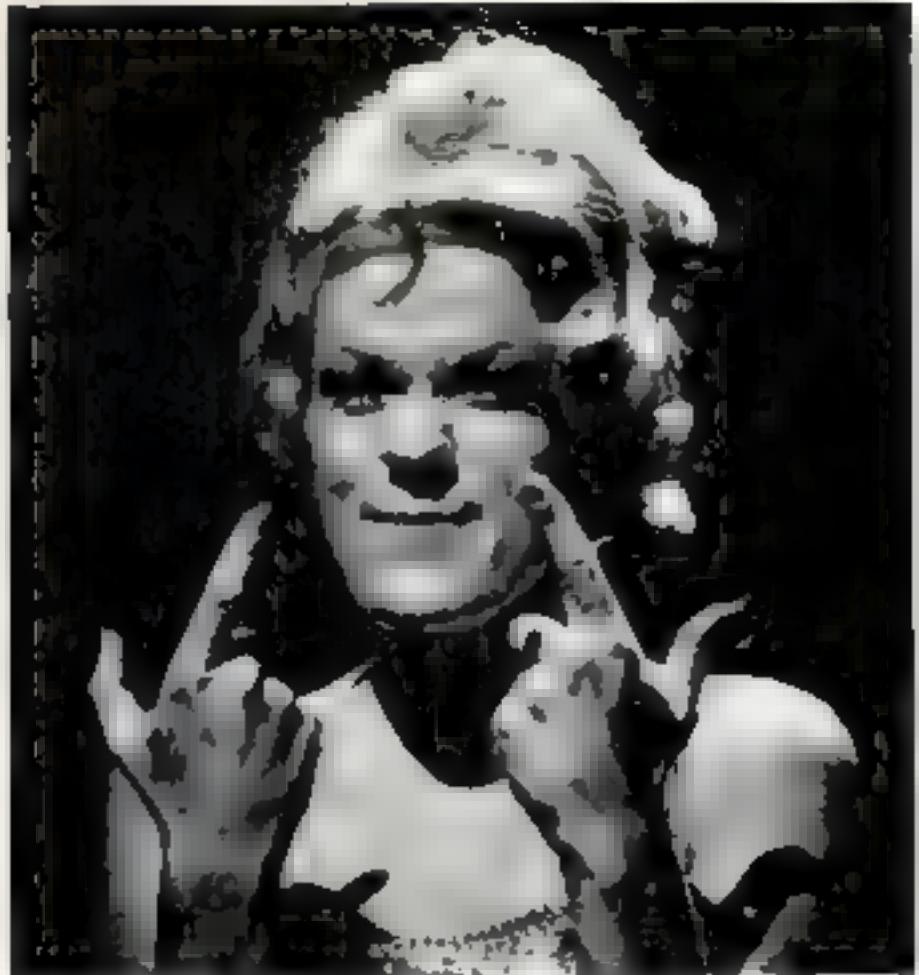


PRIDE AND JOY, FAMILY STYLE
AND POCKETBOOK PERFECT

THE **LARK** *BY STUDEBAKER*

Here's your new dimension in family 4-Doors, the smartly-styled, in-between-size beauty that costs less to buy, far less to operate. Nearly three feet shorter outside, seats six comfortably inside. Easy to get in and out of. Generous in headroom, legroom, seating width. Spacious, vacation-sized trunk. A joy for mother to drive, it turns on a dime, parks on a postage stamp, rides in easy, big-car comfort. Beautifully engineered, compactly designed, powered in either 6 or V-8 for peak performance for miles and miles on a hatful of regular, low-cost gas. Built to cut maintenance and repair bills, reduce insurance expense, bring family driving costs back down to a sensible, carefree level. ➤ See it at your Studebaker Dealer's—the friendliest, fun-filled family 4-Door you can buy today!





IN HER SHOW Tammie climbs her way through
a series of *Loose Like a Blank* around the Bank



AT HER HOME Fanny tells daughter Amanda as husband Christopher Plummer listens both.



TURBO AND SINGER present *From a Russian* lyrics and sketches written by Orestes

Kooky Girl's Success

The spiggiest new singing club chanteuse in New York is 21-year-old Actress Tammy Grimes who took on a singing job as a way to get back to the stage. Using the newest show-business argot, Tammy admits, "I look kooky," meaning cut-kooy. But her avante-garde approach to tunes today, as she is not nearly so kooky as a la matin, Tammy makes the tried songs seem time, expressive and simple, the sweet-savvy. She does all this so winningly, with so little voice.

and so much expression that she has kept Julius Monk's *Downstage* at the post office.

With her husband Christopher Plummer in a lead role at Broadway - but *J.B.* Tammy likes working the same hours as the man of the house. This won't change. When Noel Coward came in to hear her sing, he stayed on to ask her to read for his next Broadway show. Tammy took Noel's good last and said she will be back where she wanted to be - on the stage.

IN HER GREENWICH VILLAGE APARTMENT, TAMMY SNIFFS A SWEETHEART ROSE. AN AVID ROSE FANCER, SHE KEEPS VASES OF THEM ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.





PASSING PEKING POSTER, CHILDREN LEARN COMMUNIST MOTHERS HAVE MORE TO DO THAN CARE FOR FAMILY. POSTER URGES ELIMINATION OF ILLITERACY

RED CHINA BID FOR A FUTURE

Young and old join in 'The Great Leap Forward'

The energetic children of Communist China in the picture above are being firmly shaped to the service of what may one day be the mightiest nation on earth. The poster they are passing tells them that the primary duty of all citizens is to the "people" and not to the family which has long been the hub of Chinese life. Their parents have already been wrenched from the habits and traditions they followed for years. The whole of Red China, a country almost four times as populous as the U.S. and increasing every year by twice the population of New York City, is on the march to drastic modernization at home and massive power in the world.

小学和中学教



AND TWO LOWER LINES SAY, "GOING HOME AFTER CLASS, SEEING MAMAS LEAVING, THEY ASK WHERE MAMAS ARE GOING, MAMAS ARE OFF TO SCHOOL, TOO!"

In this issue *LIFE* shows Red China's portentous transformation in 18 pages of pictures which the distinguished French photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson took on a four-month, 7,000-mile tour through the great country. Cartier-Bresson was in China during what the Communists call the period of "the great leap forward," a huge and ponderous effort by China's masses. With the perceptiveness for which he is famous, Cartier-Bresson has shown how the Chinese individually react and live amid the oppressive regimentation imposed on them.

Everywhere in China, people today are engaged in backbreaking toil whose first objective

is to pass Britain in steel and factory output and make Red China the world's fourth greatest industrial nation. The Red Chinese armed forces, who already have a bloody record of aggression in Korea and at Quemoy, are being augmented by citizen-soldiers—and Red China intends to build its own atom bombs. Most of the peasant class of the nation has been herded into the military-style "communes" (see pp. 60-74) whose purpose it is to grow more food for the zooming population, spread out the industrial load and give the Reds an iron grip on the innately individualistic peasantry.

Last month the Chinese Communist leaders

announced that they were halting the extension of a version of the commune system in the cities—but only temporarily. The hitherto undisputed boss of Red China, Mao Tse-tung, planned to resign his largely ceremonial role as head of the government. But he will keep his top posts in the Communist party and his authority over the armed forces. These as yet unexplained developments may somewhat deflect but are unlikely to deter the staggering Chinese upheaval. It goes on, spurred by the biting fury that Mao himself expressed when he declared, "Communism is not love. Communism is a hammer which we use to destroy the enemy."

SWEAT AND STRAIN FOR POOL, TOOLS AND STEEL



BENT AND BURDENED, girl student at Peking University tugs away hopper of mud from pond that is being made into swimming pool. Students are also required

to do practical work in their fields for three months out of the year. This is one way regime combats tendency of intellectuals to look down on manual labor.



LEARNING AT LATHE, a zealous girl student in Shenyang (formerly Mukden), Manchuria is one of 400,000 engineers being trained in Red China each year.

TURNING OUT PIG IRON, crude furnaces at Shiu Shin commune are used in → drive to push steel output over 10 million tons. In front is motorized blower.



SWIFT CONSTRUCTION OF DAMS, WITH FANFARE



INAUGURATING DAM, the Ming Tombs Dam 35 miles from Peking, workmen march down from flag-decked top. Four hundred thousand men each gave 10 days' labor without pay and, working by hand, finished earth and stone structure in less than six months. It irrigates 11,000 acres, helps generate 240,000 kilowatts.

AT THE FINISH



CHINA'S BIGGEST DAM. Sanmen on Yellow River, being built with machinery, will be done in 1962.



INCENTIVE POSTER. picture of completed Ming Tombs Dam (right front) and reservoir, was used to

spur workers on Ming emperors' tombs for which dam is named are in the mountains in background.





MASSIVE FESTIVAL that marked completion of Ming Tombs Dam is representative of huge public gatherings which the Communist Chinese put on to

glorify their progress. In picture Cartier Bresson took from top of dam (left workers parade between lined up militia (*foreground*) and the tented construction



camp Festival, which was attended by many of the 100,000 who had helped to build the dam, wound up with spirited folk dancing and group singing. Blue

Russian-manufactured "Pobeda" sedan (center) was special attraction to Chinese. They make a few cars but ordinary Chinese are not allowed to own them.



MONKS ON THE MARCH. Buddhists carry their insignia of lotus blossoms in parade in Peking celebrating ninth anniversary of the establishment of Communist

China. Buddhist clergy has been largely exempted from Red persecution and even receives government financial subsidies in return for its support of the regime.

SPECTACULAR PARADES AND SERIOUS LECTURES



SEA OF STUDENTS with banners moves through Peking's Tien An Men Square, equivalent of Red Square in Moscow, during the tenth anniversary

festivities. Six hundred thousand civilians paraded for three hours and heard Red leaders promise "a happy life of abundance" within "about three years."



LESSON IN THE FIELD finds secondary schoolboys at a commune near Peking, getting lecture on use of first liver. Schoolchildren are made to do practical work



INSTRUCTION UNDER ARMS is given militia unit in Peking's Tien An Men Square. Militiamen are among 100 million civilians who do part-time drilling





VICTORY DRUMBEATS are sounded by girl leading oil workers on march to oil field headquarters building to announce that they have exceeded their production

quota. In such parades workers, spurred on by Communist activists, shout slogans based on theme "Produce still bigger, better, more quickly, more frugally."



← **ANTIWESTERN RALLY** protesting U.S.-British policy in Middle East brings out some 500,000 fist-shaking demonstrators in Peking's Tien An Men Square.

PIG-TAILED HOPEFULS, girls follow troupe of boys down street to Shenyang engineering school where they will take entrance exams for five-year course



POPEYED YOUNG CHINESE SEE THEMSELVES ON CLOSED-CIRCUIT TELEVISION PEKING HAS ONE SMALL TV STATION, HANDFUL OF SETS RADIO IS HEARD



CONTENTED KIDS in Peking communal nursery school look *ping fan*, the Chinese equivalent of the Peep hole. Their mothers are mostly busy at work.

HARDY WORKERS PUT IN MINIMUM SIX-DAY WEEK AT MANCHURIAN FOUNDRY →



LOOKS AHEAD, LABORS AT HAND

Enthusiasm and idealism, as well as regimentation, are weapons in the hands of the Reds. Mao Tse-tung rallies his people with a rosy promise of Utopia: "Three years of hard labor for one thousand years of happiness."

This appeals most to the young, who goggle at future wonders like television. It also grips the old, as they hear the call to clean up such perennial scourges of China as rats and flies.

Some workers pour political zeal into their jobs and gladly labor long hours overtime. Even loyalty to anti-Communist institutions is deviously twisted to benefit the Red regime. The Communists have set up the "Chinese Catholic Patriotic Association" for China's three million Catholics and have installed a Red-supporting clergy. All the apostates have been excommunicated by the Vatican.



EVERWHERE THROUGH PUBLIC LOUDSPEAKERS



PRO-RED PRIEST of the communized Catholic church in Peking gives communion to parishioner

ANTIPEST DISPLAY promoting the killing of rats and flies draws the attention of visitor to Peking's

Ching Shan Park. Older people are given jobs of checking on the cleanliness of streets and houses.

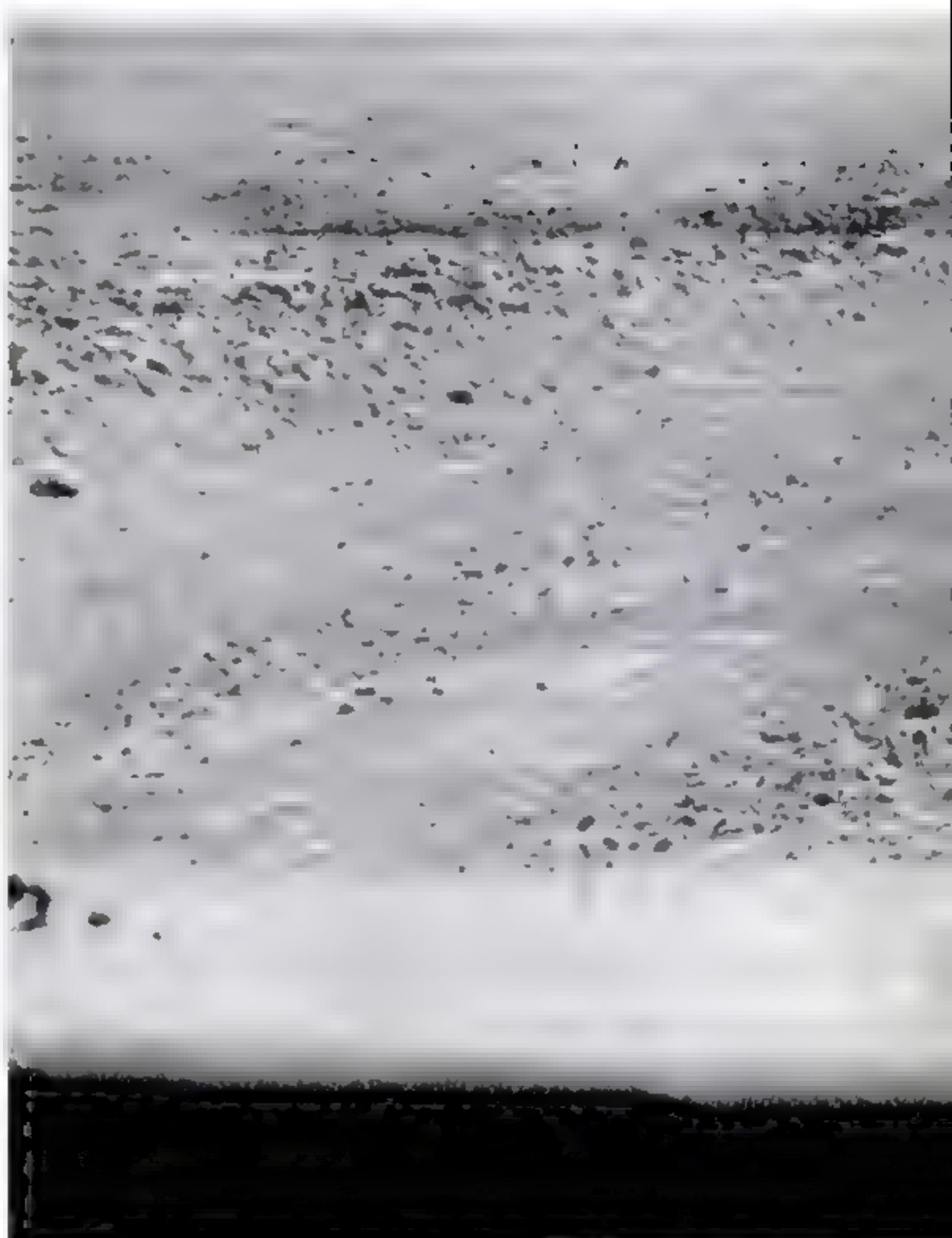


RUSSIAN ADVISER to Chinese who wears the pajamas that Soviets favor for travel and lounging, arouses avid curiosity at Tung-kuan in Central China.

OPENING OF THE WEST FOR VAST PRODUCTION

Although it is generally looked on as an overcrowded land, Red China actually has enormous room to grow. Its harsh and barren west, a cross-roads of history and once the stronghold of Genghis Khan, is being vigorously reopened. Much of China's hope for realizing its ambitious plans rests on the land west from Lanchow, the booming scientific capital of the country, through the province of Sinkiang that borders Russia.

Until 1950 Sinkiang, which constitutes one fifth of China's area, was inhabited by only four million people, mostly nomadic Uighur Moslems. Then Soviet geologists found rich resources of oil, coal, copper, zinc, wolfram and uranium there. The Chinese poured soldiers and hundreds of thousands of "volunteers" into Sinkiang to work on irrigation and land reclamation. The Russians have helped to complete two thirds of a 1,736-mile railroad west from Lanchow which will link up with the Soviet Turkestan line. In the past six years 400 industrial units have been set up in the province. Now Red China expects that Sinkiang will not only provide raw materials for all the nation, but that by 1962 Sinkiang itself will account for over half the country's industrial output.



ACROSS A DESERT PLAIN OF SINKIANG, HEAVY TRUCKS ROLL FROM TURFAN



NEW SINKIANG SETTLER (left), scarf-wearing girl Pioneer who recently migrated to capital of Lrumchi, hands passerby fly swatter for antipest campaign



OASIS TOWARD THE PROVINCIAL CAPITAL OF URMCHI. NEWEST STRETCH OF RAILROAD RUNNING ACROSS SINKIANG IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION NEARBY



NEW WORKER SETTLEMENT in the Yumen oilfields in Gobi Desert houses part of growing labor force that has doubled local oil production in recent years.



SINKIANG NATIVES, Uighurs stand by propaganda written in their Turkic language in car and tractor plant in Urumchi where they work with new settlers.

RED CHINA CONTINUED

SUDDEN SHIFT

Despite the material prospects of their state, an awful apprehension now spreads the faces of many of Red China's people. Its main cause is the commune system, the mass impressment of peasant families into barracks-like and exhausting labor collectives called *pp-64-74*. The first communes were set up as experiments last April. During the summer the Communists swept most of the country's peasants from state-run cooperatives into the new organizations. Today according to Communist figures 20 million peasant families are packed into some 26,000 communes.

The current showdown in commune development has been made necessary by grave mistakes that the Reds themselves admit. The breakups of families has led to such widespread

IN ONE OF RED CHINA'S SHOWPEACE COMMUNES



PUZZLED PEASANTS look from Fowai, on their boat on Yangtze River. Five years ago, Photographer

Cartier-Bresson visited these people; their county was suddenly incorporated into a commune.



FOR PEASANTS

resentment that some minimal family life may now be allowed. The relentless workday has worn the peasants out and it may be reduced to make them more productive. Management has been slipshod and last week Peking announced that in the near future army officers would be put in charge of communes.

While the Reds are ready to change their tactics in the communes, they will not give them up because they represent a crucial step toward complete Communism. With the communes the Red Chinese totalitarianism far out does that of the Soviet Union in intensity—and brings shudders to some Western Communists. One writer, like a Pound, goes: "Thank God for the Soviet Union. We are lucky to have a buffer state between us and the Chinese."



COLLECTING SCRAP. Peasants in a commune near Peking gather discarded household items.

Scrap includes pots and pans taken from peasants who now have to eat in communal kitchens.

NEAR PEKING, MILITARIZED PEASANTS HOE NEAR STACKED RIFLES. BETWEEN FIELD WORK COMMUNE MEMBERS DRILL INTENSIVELY BUT WITHOUT AMMUNITION





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MISERY, OPPRESSION, FEAR

Two Chinese who escaped tell of Reds' harsh regimentation which tears



PEASANTS' ORDEAL for Chang Hsian began when he and others were ousted from ancestral

village which was then burned. Villagers walked 23 miles to commune site, never saw possessions again.

STAND beneath the sprawling banyan trees on the pleasant Macao hill and look across toward the opposite shore of the West River. There before you is the New China in microcosm. For on the island of Lappa, only 600 yards away, China's Communist masters have established the 20th Century nightmare, a People's Commune.

Of an evening the free citizens of Macao, the Portuguese island colony near Hong Kong, sit under the trees and observe the commune at work. They watch with the horrified fascination of people looking on helplessly while a snake swallows a struggling rabbit. Among Macao's Chinese, watching their wretched countrymen toil, there are few who do not thank their ancestors for the good fortune which places them on the free side of the West River. For the aspect of New China in action boggles the mind.

Macao has been commune-watching for almost six months now, ever since the day in late July when the 20,000 men and women of Lappa were suddenly herded out of their homes and into 50 long, low bamboo and palm-thatch barracks. The performance lasts from 5 a.m., when the first shrill whistle blasts are heard, until midnight, when the last platoon of weary workers stumbles back to the barracks. Nineteen hours a day, seven days a week, it goes on. Here is life-by-the-numbers for ever and ever.

Last month Macao's commune-watchers witnessed an unscheduled act in the dreary drama. Before dawn one day people living along the waterfront were awakened by a sudden outburst of shouting from the commune across the water. Clearly they heard cries of, "We won't work any more!" Then they could see Communist troops dashing across the causeway which connects Lappa to the Chinese mainland. Soon submachine gun and rifle fire, punctuated by screams, filled the chilling dawn. Finally there was silence.

At sunrise the people of Macao lined the waterfront. Across the river several thousand commune members were standing on the parade ground surrounded by troops. Before them knelt three young men, hands tied behind their backs. The People's Court was in session.

Trial and execution

THE "trial" lasted until 4 p.m. at which time the three men were removed a short distance from the parade ground. Then a firing squad executed the trio before the horrified eyes of Macao. The next day a junk sailed close to the Macao waterfront and a voice announced over a bull horn that eight "American and Chiang Kai-shek spies" had been caught and three had been executed after being found guilty of crimes against New China.

All over China the family-centered, individualistic Chinese are being reduced to 653 million indistinguishable and interchangeable parts in a vast, inhuman machine. This machine is the commune, the most frightful form of regimentation in history.

In a People's Commune the members eat, sleep, produce, act, think, even procreate, not as individuals but as an integrated social unit.

INSIDE CHINA'S COMMUNES

families apart, puts children in barracks, even regulates sex

by JAMES BELL

They need a pass to leave the area they live in. When they start out for work in the morning—after reveille, gymnastics and a mess-hall breakfast—they march off in formation, under flags. India's Prime Minister Nehru recently described China as one big army camp, explaining, "They go to work at a certain time, they come back for lunch at a certain time, all together, the whole village, the whole commune." And not only the men. Women, children and the aged live in barracks, too. In the cities, workers live in barracks next to their factories. There is military training for all.

When the Communists took over China in 1949, each village was assigned an administrative head who was responsible in turn to county and provincial administrators. Most farmers belonged to one of the 740,000 agricultural cooperatives established throughout the nation. The coming of the communes is changing all that. Village chiefs have disappeared. The 740,000 cooperatives have been reduced to 26,000 communes in which the Reds claim to have enrolled 99% of the nation's peasants. Some communes have 300,000 members. Each unit is run by a Communist-dominated council which sets wages and working conditions.

The impact of the communes

WHEN he joins a commune, the individual loses everything he owns. If he has tools he must "sell" them to the commune (but without getting paid). His garden plot and livestock are also taken over. His wife has to give up her cooking pots and household furnishings. Everything goes except the clothes the people are wearing. All further clothing is issued by the government. The family generally moves out of its house and into segregated barracks. Children and old folks live separately. So do husband and wife. The basic social unit is not the family but an all-male or all-female platoon of 20. Under the impact of the communes, rural life as China has known it for 4,000 years has disappeared almost overnight.

The first People's Commune was set up last April in Honan province as a controlled experiment. By the end of August, China's Red masters had started herding all the rest of the nation's half billion peasants into communes "to facilitate," in the cynical words of Foreign Minister Chen Yi, "the emancipation of the human personality." Across the vast landscape whole villages were burned as men and women trekked to new commune sites.

Now China's peasant discovered he was no longer simply a farmer. When the crops were in he could not putter around the house, as he once did, or mend the pigsty or merely rest up for the new crop season. Instead he was yanked out of the barracks before dawn and marched off to build roads, tear down other people's villages, construct more barracks or melt cooking utensils down into pig iron so that the New China might have the 11 million tons of steel that had been set as the goal for 1958.

The effect of all this on the individual human can be heard at first hand in Macao from the people who have fled there after escaping from this Communist "emancipation."



FISHERMEN'S ORDEAL in commune was made unbearable for Kwei Pai-sin by separation from his

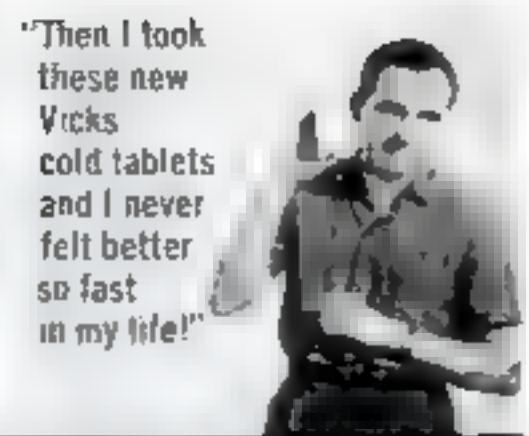
children, bitter weeping of wife. These drawings are by noted Chinese-American artist Dong Kingman.



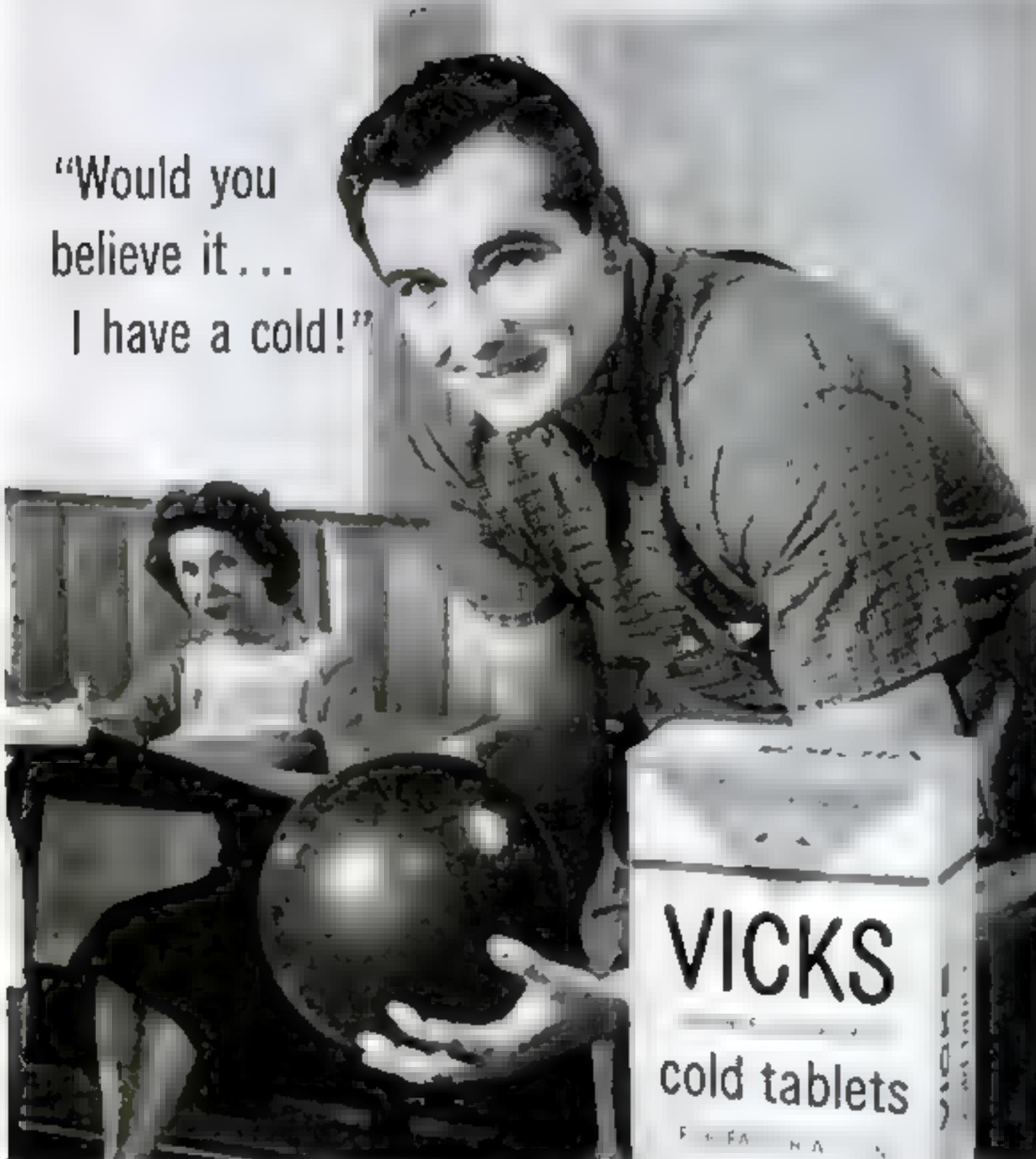
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WOMEN LABORERS in a commune near Peking break up iron ore for use in blast furnaces. Commune is named Sputnik, in honor of Soviet satellite.

INSIDE COMMUNES CONTINUED

CHANG HSIA-LAN, 23, was a commune member until late last November when he ran away because he "didn't want to be an animal any more." Chang is a poor South China peasant who had lived under the Communists since he was 14. Chang's father was a fisherman but when the Communists came they took his boat from him and told him he would henceforth be a farmer. In 1952 the Communists "gave" the elder Chang a piece of land near the village of Kao Yeung and told him to grow rice and sugar cane. The former fisherman built a hut with the help of his two sons and tried to learn the ways of the land. The following year the land was snatched back and Chang's father was told he now belonged to a cooperative farm. The next five years were not too bad. The family—Chang, his mother and father, elder brother, sister-in-law and her two babies—had a hut to live in and there was usually enough to eat.

Last February there arrived a Communist named Lee Tak, a stranger to the village. Everyone quickly learned to hate him. He was ruthless in collecting a full quota of rice and sugar cane and he ended Kao Yeung's easygoing ways. Last fall he arrested Chang Hsi-lan's father for "smuggling" and had him sent away to forced labor.

One day three months ago Lee Tak summoned everyone to a meeting and announced that the village, along with 19 others in the country, was going to join a commune. Kao Yeung's people stared at one another. They did not know what a commune was. Lee told them,

"You will sell all your personal belongings to the commune," he said. "You will not worry about anything."

Some of the villagers tried to protest, but Lee refused to allow discussion or answer questions.

Chang Hsi-lan, greatly disturbed, went to see his friend Tong Nan-liang. Tong and his 60-year-old mother were as unhappy as the Chang family. A Communist appraiser came, looked at the Tong family possessions—three beds, one big cooking pot, several smaller pots, bowls, tables, chairs and lanterns—and said the Tongs would be paid the equivalent of \$60 for them. When? "Someday," the Communist said and went away.

A few days later the villagers were awakened before dawn and told to assemble on a hill a short distance away. As the last residents cleared the village, Communist cadres began removing everything from the 170 houses. The villagers sat dumbly and watched as all they owned was loaded onto trucks. When this was done, the cadres went through the village, methodically setting each hut afire. Kao Yeung's people watched their village disappear.

Now Lee Tak and his assistants told the people to start walking toward the city of Tam Sin. The people obeyed. "We walked saying nothing," Chang recalls. "What could we say?" It was a difficult day. The strong helped the weak, the sick were carried on improvised stretchers. Communist Boss Lee made the 23-mile trip by truck.

It was almost dark when Kao Yeung's people came to an open field in the hilly country outside Tam Sin. There before them were seven long barracks, newly built of wood and bamboo. This was one of



ESCAPEE Chang Hsi-lan fled from farm commune

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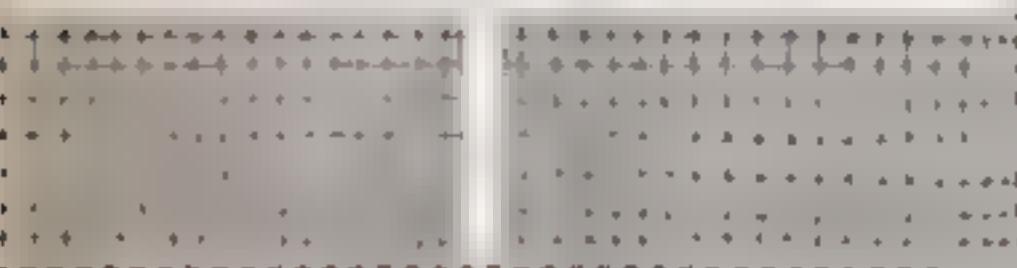
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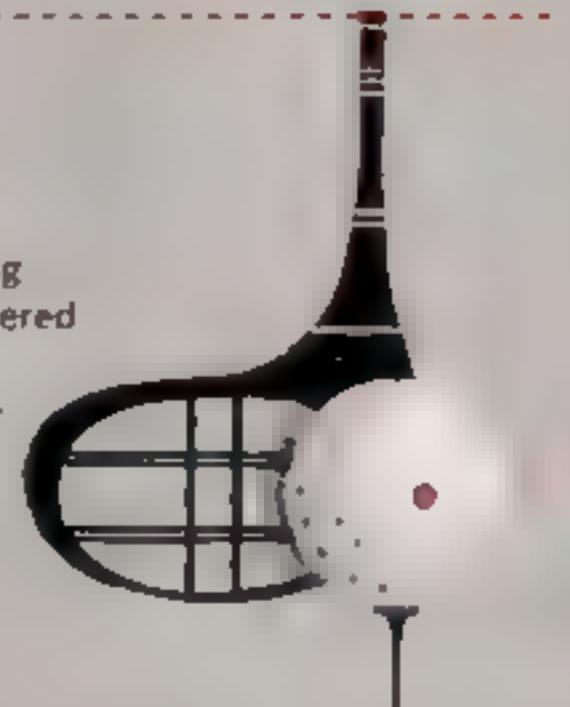
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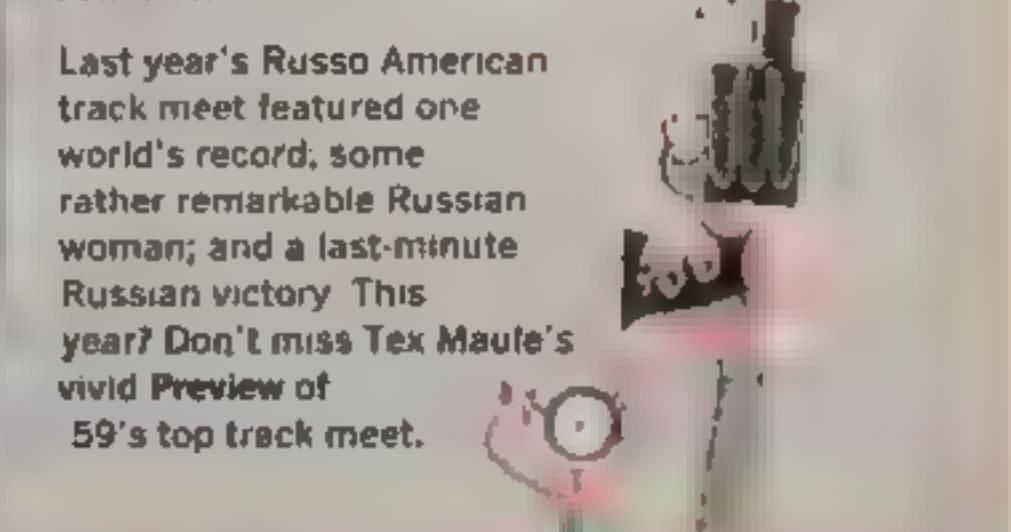
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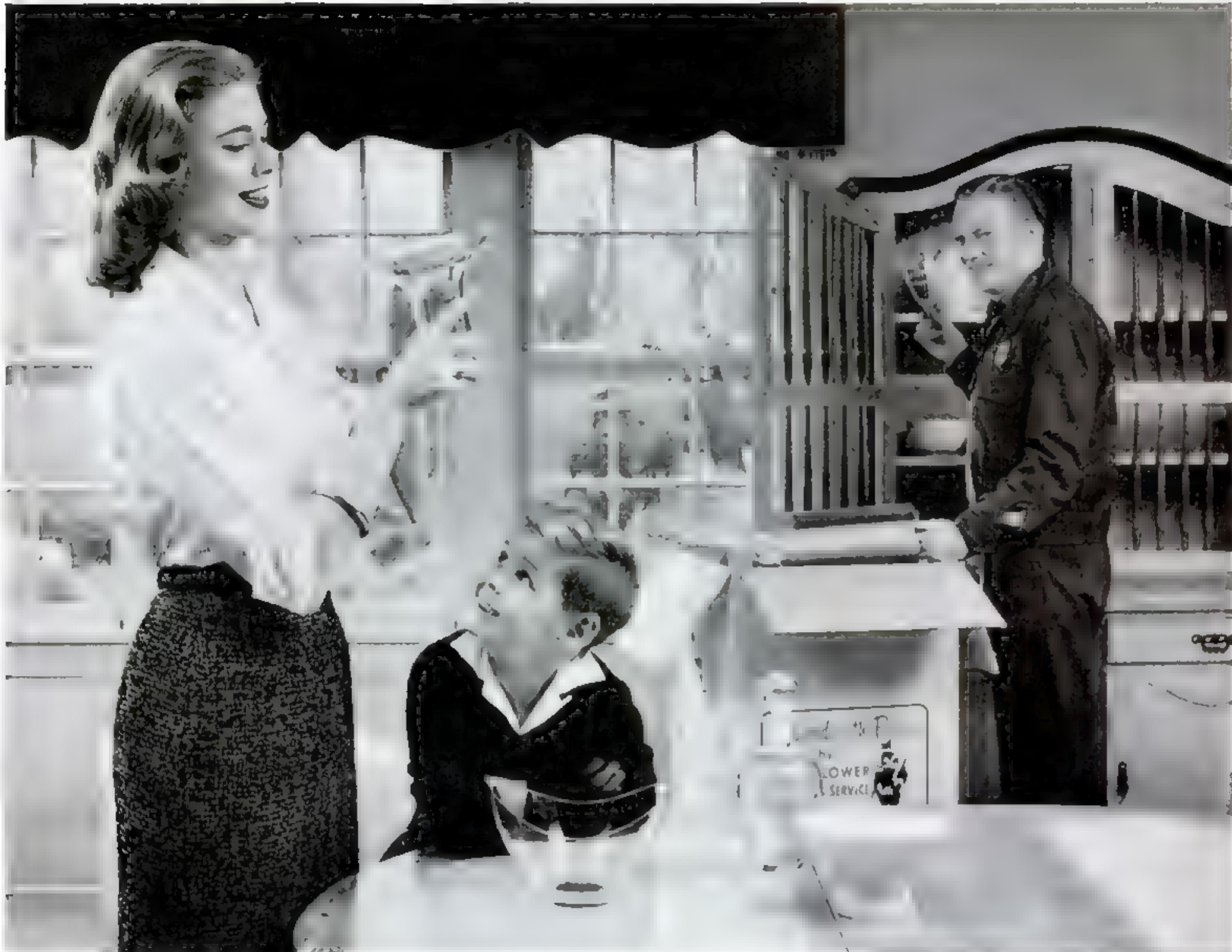
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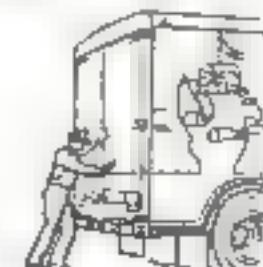
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INSIDE COMMUNES CONTINUED

a dozen settlements in the Li Hing commune. Boss Lee started giving instructions.

First, all children except tiny infants were taken from their mothers and sent to one of the barracks. The old people, like Tong's mother, were sent to another called "The Happy House." Women were placed in two barracks and men in the remaining three.

Some of the people, especially those who were old and feeble, were told that they would work preparing food. Others were assigned to the nursery, to "mending brigades," to sanitary details. The young and strong, both male and female, were told they would be workers.

Chang, his elder brother and Tong were assigned to the same barracks. The 100 inmates were divided into platoons of 20, each under a leader. Chang's leader was a Kao Yeung man who had long courted the Communists' favor. He assigned his platoon members places in the three-tiered bamboo bunks and told them to go to sleep.

At 4:30 the following morning Chang was awakened by a police whistle. He and his platoon fell out, answered roll call and were made to perform calisthenics, run around the parade ground and learn the rudiments of close order drill. Chang was handed a wooden rifle and told how to carry and "shoot" it.

At 8 o'clock a breakfast of rice and salt shrimp sauce was brought to the parade ground. Chang was given 15 minutes in which to rest and eat. Then the whistle blew again. Platoons were formed into 160-man companies, marched to the fields, assigned work and given tools, many of which Chang recognized as coming from Kao Yeung.

Chang worked steadily until noon, when rice and salted vegetables were brought to the field. Chang was told to bolt his food in 15 minutes. His elder brother was not allowed to eat next to his wife, even though she was working in a women's platoon in the same field. Work resumed at 12:15 and went on until 7:20, at which time everyone was marched back to the barracks.

At the evening meal everyone ate in a state of dumb exhaustion. Husbands were told they could not see their wives. Women were told they could not see their children in the nursery. After 15 minutes, the whistle blew and the commune was marched back to the fields. Electric lights had been strung up. Wearily Chang Hsi-lan went to work. Finally at midnight he was again marched to the barracks.

"You have finished for the day," said the platoon leader. "You may bathe in the river or go to sleep." Husbands were warned to stay away from the women's barracks. Women were refused permission to see if their children were all right. Chang chose to sleep. Four and a half hours later the whistle was blowing again.

And so it went. The routine was the same, day in, day out, seven days a week for the two months Chang Hsi-lan was a member of the Li Hing commune. Sometimes, after the evening meal, there was a movie or even a touring Cantonese opera company. There was a choice: Work, or go to the movie and then make up lost time by working after midnight. Most people ignored the entertainment.

And there were political meetings, sometimes three a week. The commune welcomed meetings, Chang says, because "You could relax" and no one had to make up the time by working after midnight. But if you did not pay attention, your wages were docked.

Shooting the 'American'

AT the political meetings it was explained that the commune system would make China strong and enable her to defeat the Americans who were preparing to land on the Chinese mainland. Sometimes the political leaders would haul out a paper target in the form of a cringing American. A member of the People's Militia would fire his rifle at it dramatically. Sometimes he would miss, but no one dared titter. Of the 100 men in Chang's barracks only four were considered reliable enough to be admitted to the People's Militia.

The commune itself was fairly typical of the thousands of other rural communes that were being set up all through China. It had more than 10,000 members. Most of them were doing agricultural work, but some were busy on road construction. Either way the work was brutally hard. The only days off were national holidays, which were filled with political meetings, parades and propaganda movies. There was never any privacy—unless you were married.

If you were married you got to spend a few minutes every other week with your wife. All the barracks were cleared on Saturday night after the evening meal. If this was your Saturday night, you went to an assigned place with your wife. Afterward she had to report to the health brigade. The date and the exact time you had spent with your wife were noted in a book. How long were husbands and wives allowed? Well, when one couple spent 45 minutes together, the wife had to explain to the health brigade leader why she and her husband had been so "selfish" and "cared so little about others." A long line of couples stood outside each barracks waiting their turn each

CONTINUED



**"Harrumph! They think
I'm an old softie because
I like the kids to call me
Long Distance every week!"**

"Softie, indeed! Sure I am! Ever since my son and daughter married and moved away I have 'em call me every week—and make it collect!"

"They go on and on about how my grandchildren did 'this' and did 'that.' But I really like it. And I'm looking forward to another call tonight!"

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Wood paneling, finished with Weldwood Satinlac, has a lustrous, hand rubbed finish and you get it with half the effort.

Beautiful—and so easy to finish with Weldwood Satinlac!

FOR YOUR NEW WOOD PANELING, or for restoring the true wood character of antique furniture, new improved Weldwood Satinlac seals as it finishes—beautifies as it protects against water, smudges, and sunlight discoloration. Virtually odor-free.



Weldwood Satinlac Lightener, at first coat, prevents the darkening or "bleeding" of new wood. It is finished. Does not block.



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Toshiba

Your Favorite Companion!

Even the paddy bird will stop singing when lured by the sweet melody from the radio in your hand. Make the **TOSHIBA Midget Transistor Radio** your best companion. Carry it in your pocket or handbag.



MODEL 6TR-92

MODEL STR-193

MODEL STR-192

MODEL 6TR-186

MODEL 6TR-188

Dimensions:

Dimensions:

Dimensions:

Dimensions:

Dimensions:

Height 7 1/2"

H 4 1/2"

H 4 1/2"

H 3 1/2"

H 3 1/2"

Diameter 7 1/4"

W 2 1/4"

W 2 1/4"

W 3 1/2"

W 3 1/2"

D 1 1/4"

TOKYO SHIBAURA ELECTRIC CO., LTD.

2, Ginza Nishi 5-chome, Chuo-ku, Tokyo, Japan.
Cable: TOSHIBA TOKYO



REGIMENTED CHILDREN are kept from parents, drill with toy guns, sing songs like, "We will liberate Taiwan and drown American aggressors. . . ."

INSIDE COMMUNES CONTINUED

Saturday night. There was no conversation. No one made jokes. It was a dreadful humiliation.

In the commune there was never enough to eat. The people were told they could buy additional food, but there was almost no money. As a field worker Chang got \$1.20 a month. His friend, Tong Nan-liang, who worked on a construction job, made 80¢ a month.

As winter came near, commune members shivered in the fields, for most of them had only cotton jackets. The commune bosses told them that "soon" they would get two uniforms a year, one for winter, one for summer. In late November they were still waiting.

Things got worse and worse. Tong's mother, sick and feeble, found that the "Happy House" for old people hardly merited the name. She worked 12 hours each day, drying rice, cutting grass and doing other "light work." When her son was allowed to see her after one month, she begged him to get her out of "this hell on earth." Tong was given a bad beating by a soldier of the People's Liberation Army because he received a letter from his brother in Hong Kong. After the beating he was told not to write his brother under any circumstances—except to beg for money which he would turn over to the commune.

Chang and Tong were able to hold a whispered conversation. They decided to escape. Chang made his decision because he was tired of "being an animal." Tong made his because "the propaganda men told us China was going to war with America and I was frightened."

One night Tong spotted a sampan. He found Chang, and from a dark corner they slipped away, stole the sampan and are now free.

TO DAY virtually all rural China lives under the commune system.

The next step on the schedule was to be the complete regimentation of the city dwellers, already begun experimentally in Mukden, Peking and Shanghai. But last week it was announced that the Party Central Committee had decided to call a temporary halt in the plans for big-city communes because of the "bourgeois ideology" still prevalent in the cities—in other words, because of the opposition of the prospective members.

Some idea of the terrifying aspect of the urban commune can be gathered from the story of Fisherman Kwei Pai-sin and his association with the experimental "Water People's Commune" started in Shekki (pop. 200,000) last summer.

Kwei Pai-sin is a wiry, wall-eyed man with the characteristic toughness and cheerfulness of those Chinese who spend their lives in sampans and junks. These people seldom set foot on dry land. Kwei was even born on a sampan. Now 37, he has a wife, a 6-year-old son and daughters aged 4 and 2.

When the Communists arrived in 1949, Kwei was allowed to continue fishing. After two years he and the rest of Shekki's fishing folk were organized into a cooperative. The only change in his life was that he now had to sell his catch to the cooperative. His monthly income was about \$40, enough to feed and clothe his family.

But last August 10, Kwei and all of Shekki's "water people"—fishermen, ferryboat, passenger and cargo junk crews—were summoned to the city hall and informed that a commune was being set up. When the water people started protesting, they were ordered back to their boats.

Shekki Water Commune, with 3,700 members and 1,500 boats of various kinds, was formally established in mid-September. It differed



Photograph by Jim Scherach

What happens when supplies run low?

He just grabs the phone and orders more. He can buy the makings of a new batch of formula—the dinner for tonight... or even a new washing machine to tackle the mountains of diapers. All by phone. All with complete assurance.

Yet it wasn't many years ago that people rarely bought by phone—even the simplest of purchases.

How come the change?

Now you can do your shopping *beforehand*—simply by reading the advertisements in a magazine like this one.

A magazine advertisement gives you *clear information*. You can read it whenever you want, at the pace you want.

A magazine advertisement lets you do your "shopping" without forsaking the comfort of your chair. You can see products as they really are—undistorted, in detail, often in all the realism and beauty of full color.

A magazine advertisement gives you a *printed promise*. A manufacturer would be foolish to make public printed statements that his products could not fulfill.

Next time you order anything by phone, think how much of the time you save and the full value you get is due to the clear information, the easy comparisons and the printed promises you get from the advertisements in magazines.

Another example of how advertising helps everybody. TIME INC., publisher of LIFE, TIME, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, HOUSE & HOME, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and International Editions of TIME and LIFE.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia now yours REGULAR and FLAVORED



at the same price!

NEW MINT-FLAVORED FORM TASTES WONDERFULLY CLEAN AND REFRESHING

As a laxative, Phillips' gives more complete relief than preparations which act only on constipation. Phillips' is actually more than a laxative. It also relieves the acid indigestion which frequently accompanies constipation. Works leisurely, too—without embarrassing urgency. Taken with water at bedtime when necessary, Phillips' brings relief by morning, so you start your day feeling bright and refreshed.

As an antacid, Phillips' settles your stomach in seconds! Scientific tests show that—in just a matter of seconds—Phillips' neutralizes the excess stomach acids which cause upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other symptoms of acid indigestion. Phillips' works with remarkable speed because it's one of the fastest, most effective stomach acid neutralizers known.



HAPPY FISHERMAN Kwei Pao-sin and his reunited family now live in Portuguese Macao on sampan they used in making their escape from commune.

INSIDE COMMUNES CONTINUED

from Chang's commune in its location and in the nature of the work it did. But for the members the problems were much the same.

For Kwei the first and most terrible blow came when he and his wife were ordered to deliver their children to the commune nursery ashore. Kwei's wife wept bitterly and threatened to kill herself. When she delayed delivery of the children, a woman official came to the boat and gave her a tongue-lashing. "What's the matter with you?" she demanded. "Do you love your children more than your country? We will have no more of this selfishness." And then she took away the wailing children.

For a few weeks Kwei and his wife were allowed to go to the nursery once a week. Then one day the woman came to Kwei's sampan and said they were not to see the children again. "When you leave, they cry and upset the other children," she explained.

Kwei's wife seldom stopped weeping after that—only when other people came near. "You can never cry or speak in the open," Kwei says. "You never know but what your best friend, even someone you've known since you were a child, will denounce you."

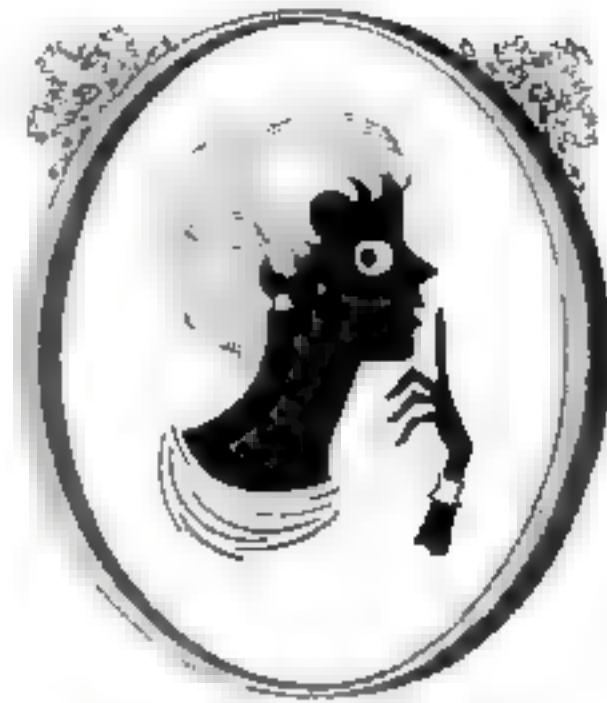
Kwei carried on. All his fish went to the commune, but now he was paid only \$12 a month—plus some government bonds which most Chinese consider totally worthless.

As specialists the water people were paid more than other commune workers but because of this they were fed only two meals a day, usually rice and vegetables. "We never saw any of the fish we caught," Kwei recalls. "And if you steal a fish, it is like stealing gold. You are arrested as a thief and sent to the northwest for forced labor."

Shekki Commune's fishing folk were organized in groups of 10 sampans each. The leader of Kwei's group was a hated little man named Woo Meng. He knew nothing about fishing. He was concerned only with discipline.

Kwei's day started at 4 a.m. when Woo Meng blew his whistle. This was the signal for the sampan fleet to put out on the river for three hours of fishing. At 8 o'clock Woo Meng would bring the group back to Shekki's harbor and everyone went ashore. There was an hour of calisthenics and military drill, followed by 20 minutes for breakfast. At 9:20 they returned to their fishing, which lasted until 7 p.m. Back in the harbor there was another hour of military drill. At about 8 o'clock there was a 20-minute break for the evening meal. This was followed every night by a two-hour political meeting and then a final session of fishing. It was usually close to 1 a.m. before the

CONTINUED



LADY FAIR—LOVELY HAIR
LADY'S SECRET—ACE COMB CARE

Only ACE completely rounds and smooths each tooth: ends—sides—even between teeth. No sharp edges to scratch scalp or snag hair.

ACE®
HARD RUBBER
COMBS

SMOOTHER • STRONGER • LAST MUCH LONGER

*PS. AND I LIKE
ACCO COMBS
THE BEAUTIFUL, NEW
WHITE COMBS BY ACE*

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YOUR OWN COPY
OF **LIFE**
EVERY WEEK

Only by subscribing to **LIFE** can anyone be sure of having all the extra features, the bonus values that **LIFE** will be bringing its readers in the exciting year ahead. So use the coupon below to enter your order for a year of **LIFE**—today!

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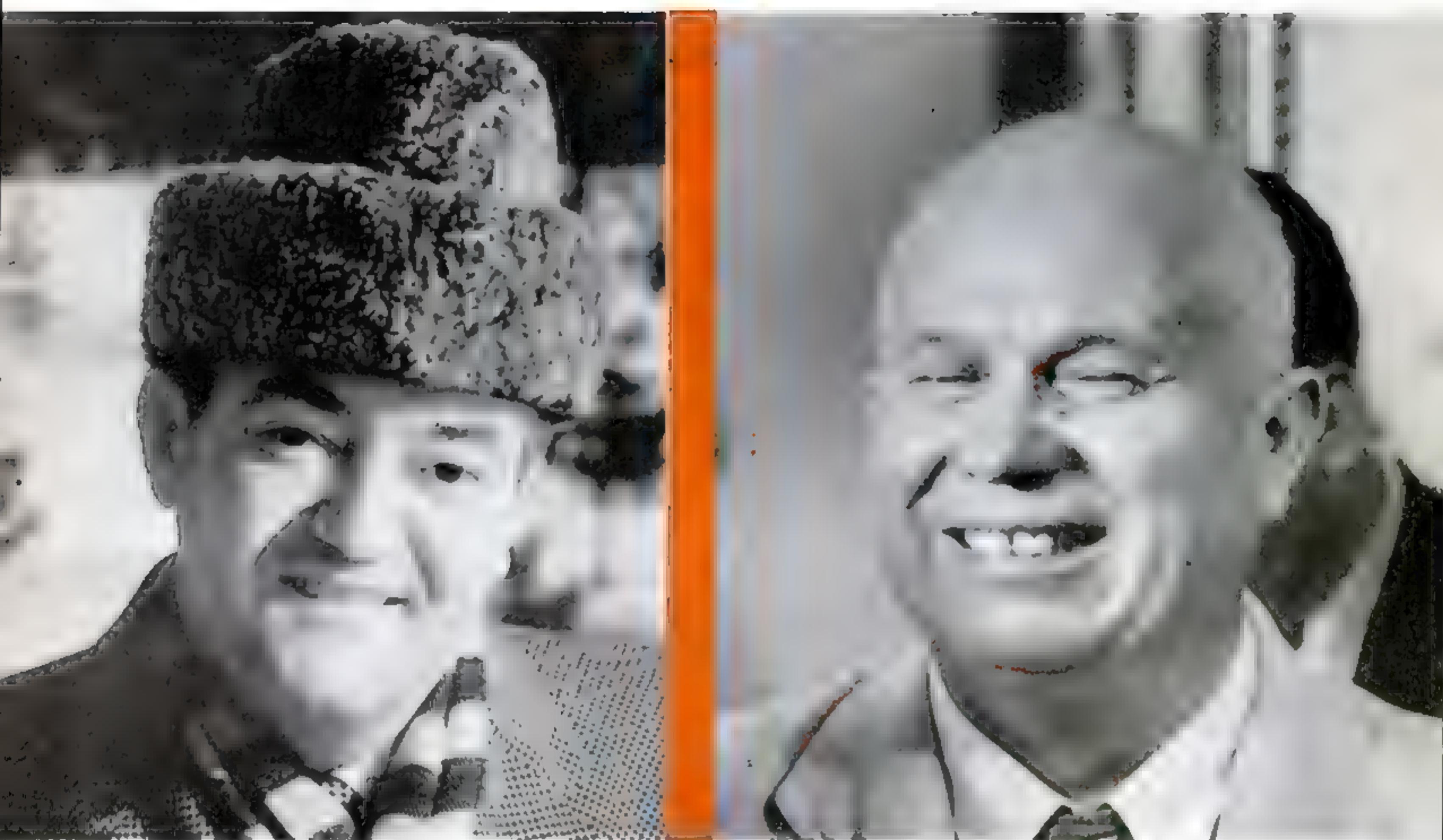
PLEASE SEND ONE YEAR OF **LIFE**—\$7.75
(in continental U. S., Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands and Canada)

TO _____
name _____

address _____

city _____ zone _____ state _____

TO SPEED DELIVERY OF **LIFE**—and get your mail—please be sure to include your zone number in your address. The mail you send will get there faster, too, if the address carries a zone number.



Eight Hours with Mr. K: What It's Like

In *LIFE* next week you'll find Senator Hubert H. Humphrey's fascinating, firsthand account of his eight-hour interview with Russian Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev in the Kremlin last Dec. 1, the longest single meeting any American ever had with a Soviet chief of state.

Traveling abroad to promote international medical research, Senator Humphrey had requested a meeting with Khrushchev when he arrived in Moscow. To the senator's surprise, the request was granted and, with only minutes' notice, he found himself being ushered into Khrushchev's office.

When he returned to the U.S., Senator Humphrey personally briefed President Eisenhower on this meeting. Now, in

LIFE, you'll share his frank report, read exactly what was said, and learn what the Soviet leader is really like face-to-face.

Khrushchev and Humphrey covered a wide range of topics—the Berlin situation, nuclear armament, and Russia's desire for economic competition with the U.S. Over and over Khrushchev insisted that "there will never be a war" of his making, but he warned that Russia is determined to get the U.S., Britain and France out of Berlin, and he hinted darkly of new and powerful weapons developed by Soviet scientists.

You won't want to miss Senator Humphrey's revealing word picture of the "interesting, powerful, dangerous" man who rules the U.S.S.R. Read it exclusively in *LIFE* next week.

ANDREW HEISKELL, *Publisher*



Even a new, expensive TV set can't get good reception unless your TV antenna picks up and feeds the set a clear, clean signal.

Winegard engineers have recently come up with a special, powerful antenna that increases the amount of signal that gets to your set... at the same time knocks out ghosts, snow, and other interferences.

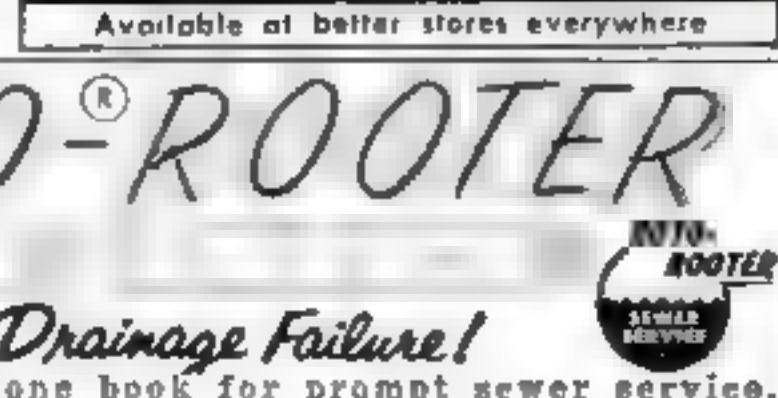
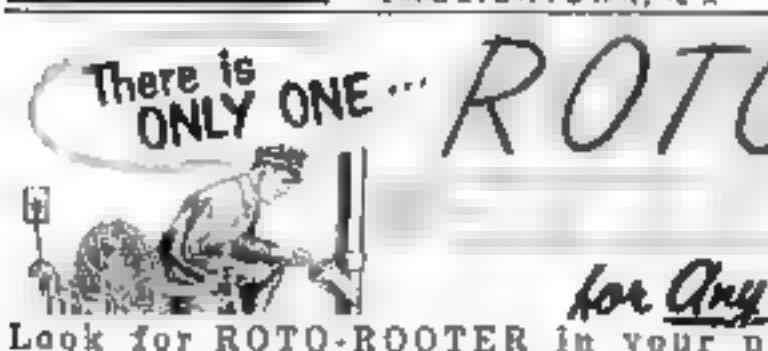
This unusual antenna is the Winegard gold anodized Color 'Ceptor. It's the most powerful antenna ever designed to bring you sharply detailed TV pictures. The Winegard Color 'Ceptor works with any black-and-white

or color set on all the channels in your area. It is expertly constructed of anodized aluminum with a beautiful polished gold finish. Not big and heavy, but compact and lightweight... wind tested to 100 m.p.h.

Written guarantee of satisfaction. Model CL-4 for 5 to 65 miles from stations, \$29.95. With "Power-Pack" for up to 125 miles, \$44.90. Write for the name of your nearest dealer and for free folder "The Secrets of Good TV Reception," Winegard Company, 3025-12 Scotten Blvd., Burlington, Iowa.

© 1961 WINEGARD COMPANY, IOWA CITY, IOWA. CANADA NO. 312984

Winegard TV ANTENNAS



INSIDE COMMUNES CONTINUED

boats were tied up for the night. "In my two months in the commune," Kwei says, "I never got more than three hours' sleep a night."

In mid-November Kwei and his wife learned they were to be moved from their sampan to separate barracks. They decided this life was impossible. "Our children had been taken from us. We worked 21 hours a day and had nothing to show for it. We were very hungry all the time. We knew that we could not last at this rate. We would one day drop dead and no one would know or care."

Kwei's wife discovered that her son and one of her daughters were sick in the nursery. She went there against all orders and found that many of the children were sick, so many that one of the non-Communist nursery attendants allowed Kwei's wife to take the two children to her sampan for nursing. She also let Kwei's other daughter go along for the day. Kwei, with his family all aboard, knew it was now or never. In the hours before dawn he silently cut his sampan away and, through knowledge of south China waters and infinite luck, made his way to freedom.

Today in Macao, Kwei is working as a farmer on a small piece of land provided by the Portuguese government. His wife works in a firecracker factory. They are not rich in goods, but they still have the sampan and, more important, they have their children.

"We have been eating and laughing and blessing our good luck," Kwei says. "My wife no longer cries. She sings all the time and the children play. Someday I will get to Formosa and become a fisherman again and sell my fish to the good people of China."

THE vast majority of Chinese have no chance of escaping like Chang, Tong and Kwei. They are condemned to a lifetime of regimentation. Each week letters are smuggled out of Communist China to Hong Kong and Macao. A sampling of them conveys what it is like to live in Mao's China in the day of the "Big Leap Forward."

Wang Hua-lien to her sister: "All day I tremble all over. Don't come here. Even my wrist watch was taken away."

A boy in Fukien province: "Everyone has to work overtime day and night. One would soon be finished even if he is born with steel muscles and bronze bones."

An old woman from Fukien: "Life is impossible even for those with three heads and six arms. All our people act dumb. They say nothing. Living is extremely hard now."

Hu San: "People have to work day and night and have little food. If the present situation remains unchanged, people will surely die of starvation."

Ling Kuang-mei to her aunt: "The timbers you bought to make your coffin may be taken. They say they need all wood for iron smelting. I suggest we start making the coffin now to be sure the timber is not taken."

WHEN I met Tong Nan-liang after his escape with Chang, I asked him what his life had been like before the Communists took over. His eyes flashed. "We were poor farmers in south China," he said, "and we had bad times. But there was usually enough to eat. Even if you starved you were with your family, people who loved you. Now all that is gone."

There is no denying that the Chinese Communists have made material advances. But for this progress the Chinese people have paid a price: the loss of their dignity as human beings.



MARCHING TO WORK after a brief night's rest, members of the Sputnik commune head back to the fields at dawn armed with farming tools and rifles.

Publisher's Note—This is an advertisement, but one of such unusual character we are glad to be a sponsor of it.

Persuaders in the Public Interest

The story of a little-known band of men and women
who created a Hundred Million Dollar
Non-Profit Trust that works for the public good

By JASON WEEMS



Last summer, a father, driving his vacationing family through one of our great national forests, pulled up for the view where a mountain road looked down on a deep, wooded canyon.

Filling his pipe, he flared a kitchen match with his thumbnail, in the Western manner.

"Hey, Pop," cried his eight-year-old son, "don't throw that match out the window, break it. You know what Smokey the Bear says."

Smokey has been urging people to take such precautions against starting forest fires for 16 years. You've probably seen his messages on posters, on TV, or in print. Or heard them on the radio.

Smokey, who now lives in the Washington, D.C., zoo, was a real-life bear cub. A forest ranger found him wandering in the smoke of a forest fire which had consumed his mother. Advertising men dressed him up in print as a forest ranger and made him the greatest fire fighter of them all.

As a result of his efforts, the U.S. Forest Service estimates that, since 1942, 600,000 forest fires did not start; 260 million acres of timber did not burn; and nearly 10 billion dollars of damage was not done!

Who Made Smokey a Hero Fire Fighter?

Smokey got his start in the fire-fighting business in 1942 when the U.S. Forest Service

called for help from a unique business organization called The Advertising Council.

You've probably never heard of The Advertising Council, but it is unlikely that a day passes in which you are not exposed to the persuasive messages, prepared and disseminated under its auspices, on the air or in print. This is a good thing for you, and for your country.

Persuasion in the public interest started when an advertising man had lunch with a Princeton professor and three officers of the Rockefeller Foundation in New York. This was in the spring of 1941.

The Adman Stuck His Neck Out

The professor was doing research in communications under a Rockefeller grant, so the lunch table talk naturally turned to the art, or science, of communication. That was when the adman stuck his neck out.

He said all foundations were making two mistakes in policy. First, they spent most of their money on the *increase* of knowledge and very little on the distribution of it. Second, when they did spend money on the distribution of knowledge, they used old-fashioned horse-and-buggy methods, and ignored the modern high-speed effectiveness of motion pictures, broadcasting, and advertising.

Seeing a responsive gleam in the eyes of the late, great Dr. Alan Gregg, world-wide stu-

dent of medical problems for the Rockefeller Foundation, the advertising man went on to elaborate his idea in terms of what advertising could do to spread new medical knowledge among all the people.

Persuasion for the Public Welfare

His convictions, widely shared by many advertising men at that time, boiled down to this:

1. American advertising facilities and techniques had become the most effective means for the communication of new knowledge, and for persuasion to use it, which the world had ever seen.
2. This means of communication could be used just as effectively in the public interest as it was being used in the private interest.
3. Advertising being a communication facility developed by business, business itself might well consider making it available for public welfare projects and organizations.

Out of these convictions The Advertising Council was born in November, 1941. Its initial organizers and financial supporters were the six official organizations of national advertisers, of magazine, newspaper, radio, and outdoor media owners, and of advertising agencies.

It had barely been organized when it was called upon to play a greater role than any of its founders had envisioned.

The Stab in the Back

On December 7, 1941, the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor. A country at war found itself faced with vast new problems which could be

TURN PAGE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR—Jason Weems is the pen name for one of America's most versatile men. He has been successful as a Bible salesman, a printer, an advertising writer, a book and magazine publisher, a government official, the head of a social science research laboratory and consultant to a large Foundation. He is the author of several books.

met only with the cooperation of all the people.

Scrap metals, rubber and paper were needed in vast quantities, and they had to be gathered up from every farmyard and city cellar.

Fats and wheat had to be saved to send to our allies.

War Bonds had to be sold.

Merchant seamen, WACS, WAVES, and nurses had to be recruited.

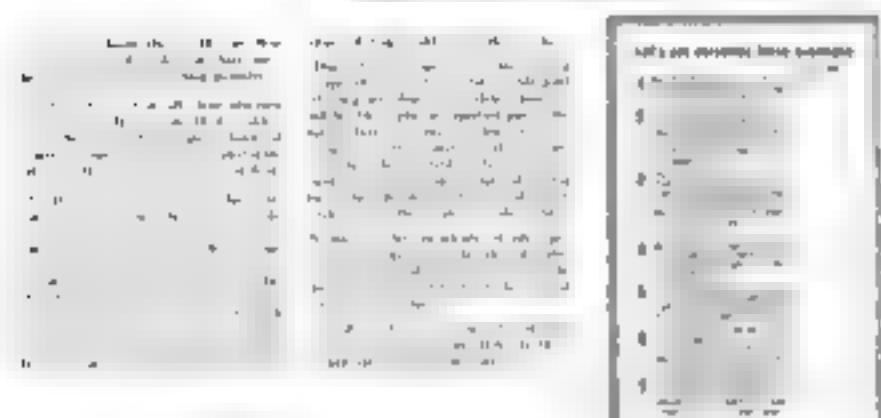
Victory gardens had to be planted.

Altogether, before the war was over, civilians had to be persuaded to do more than one hundred things like this.

Great Britain, faced with the same problems, had turned to paid government advertising to help solve them. This made the government by far the biggest, and almost the only, advertiser in the country. Some felt this was a potential threat to freedom of the press.

"42 years with chalk on my sleeve"

The story of a man
who was a national
hero for 42 years
and never knew it!



AMERICA'S LEADERSHIP DEPENDS ON FIRST RATE SCHOOLS

BETTER SCHOOLS—The continuing purpose of this campaign is to maintain public interest in the nation's schools, which must be ready to train rising school populations over the next ten years. In 1958, State School Committees increased in numbers and Parent-Teachers Association membership rose. Citizen concern about our schools and what they teach is at a new high level.

AMERICA CHOSE A BETTER WAY

Our government turned to the newly formed Advertising Council, which quickly became the War Advertising Council.

The Council called for volunteers. Advertising agencies supplied talented people to prepare the messages needed. Advertisers, magazines, newspapers, radio stations, and outdoor poster companies supplied advertising time and space to carry the messages to the country.

All these interests responded through the War Advertising Council. America responded to the messages.

By the end of the war, more than *One Billion Dollars'* worth of government messages had been published and broadcast as a contribution of American business to the war effort.

The results proved what advertising men had long believed: that advertising could as effectively inform and persuade people to act in the public interest as it had in their private interest.

Waging the Peace

When the war ended, many in the War Advertising Council thought its usefulness was over. There were more who felt that the instrument of public information, which the Council had created, was far too valuable to be reserved for war.

The government still had jobs of public information which needed doing . . . such as forest fire prevention, and the sale of Savings Bonds; and there was the original Council concept of broad public service such as assisting the work of the Red Cross, CARE, March of Dimes, the National Safety Council, and many others.

The word "War" was dropped from the name, and The Advertising Council continued. But here it faced a new problem.

Who Decides What's in the Public Interest?

Under the imperatives of war there was no question about what projects the Council should undertake, but when it came to non-governmental organizations and non-war projects of government departments, who was to determine which ones were in the public interest?

The businessmen who were the financial supporters and operators of the Council's facilities did not feel it was in the public interest that they alone should decide such questions.

As a result, a Public Policy Committee was created. This was a group of 20 of America's most distinguished citizens with backgrounds and experience in various areas of American life. One of the first to accept an invitation to serve was Dr. Alan Gregg, who remembered the luncheon where he first heard how advertising might help solve some health problems.

On this page you'll find a list of the men and women who serve, without pay, on this Public Policy Committee. They are drawn from business, labor, education, agriculture, the religions, medicine and public affairs. They represent no one but themselves and the best interests of their country, as they see them.

When a project is presented for The Advertising Council's support, the Board of Directors first decides whether or not it can benefit from broad national advertising. If they decide it can, it goes to the Public Policy Committee which votes on whether or not it is importantly in the public interest. The Public Policy Committee must approve the project

by a three-fourths vote before the Council will tackle it.

What Kind of Projects Are Approved?

Since the war, The Advertising Council, with the approval of the Public Policy Committee, has presented numerous national problems for your information and consideration, and programs for your support and action.

There are emergency programs, such as appeals of the Red Cross for disaster funds.

There are periodic programs, such as the one called "Religion in American Life", which reminds you of the strength to be drawn from attendance at your church or synagogue. (Gallup polls have shown a steady increase in attendance at religious services since this program started.)

Other programs, such as Forest Fire Prevention, have been continuous over a period of years. One is the Stop Accidents campaign for the National Safety Council. It has

Public Policy Committee of The Advertising Council

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HENRY M. WRISTON, Executive Director, The American Assembly

helped bring the traffic toll to a new low per vehicle-miles traveled. Still another is the drive for Better Schools, which has stimulated formation of State School Committees, and increased membership in Parent-Teacher Associations. Result: citizen concern about our schools and what they teach is at a new high level.

One of the largest and oldest is the campaign in support of the U.S. Treasury for the sale of Savings Bonds. You have probably responded to both your own and your country's benefit.

HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING



HELP STRENGTHEN AMERICA'S PEACE POWER BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

U. S. Government does not pay for this advertising. The Treasury Department thanks for their patriotic services, The advertising Council and other magazines.

Ad from the current Treasury Bond campaign. Started at the outset of World War II, it is the oldest continuing campaign on the Council's docket.

The Council Doesn't Wait to be Asked

When the Council sees a developing national need which calls for the help of better public information, it tries to get a program started.

A recent example was creating and getting support for a program of "Confidence in a Growing America" in the spring of 1958. Twenty million dollars' worth of advertising time and space told Americans why they were justified in having such confidence. This helped avert the development of a "depres-

sion" psychology. Government, economic and business leaders say it helped reverse the downswing of last spring.

The Advertising Council has also tackled the problem of misunderstandings about America abroad. The Round Tables on American Life, sponsored by the Council in 1953-54, developed a description of the American economic system as "People's Capitalism" which was widely disseminated throughout the world by the U.S. Information Service.

In later Round Tables, in which both Yale University and the University of Chicago participated, citizens and scholars have been developing the story of America's cultural life to help correct the distorted picture of America often painted abroad.

More Than 100 Million Dollars a Year

Altogether, the programs of The Advertising Council get more than 100 million dollars' worth of support every year.

The support comes from American business, large and small corporations alike. It comes from owners of magazines, newspapers, television and radio stations, outdoor and transit advertising facilities. It comes from the volunteered talent of America's leading advertising agencies.

Most of it is represented by donations of advertising time and space. But there's also cash to support the necessary staff work of the Council and some of the programs it originates.

A great deal of it results from the devoted services of a group of some 70 of America's leading corporation officers who serve the Council, without pay, as its Industries Advisory Committee.

Why Haven't You Heard about the Council Before?

This article might well have been titled, "The Light Hidden Under a Bushel." And that might seem a contradiction in terms when it comes to advertising.

But it is a fact advertising men are little given to advertising themselves. Their first rule is: "Never get on the stage in front of your client."

So the chances are that any one of these public service messages you read or hear does not identify either The Advertising Council or its business donor as its sponsor. You see or hear it only as a message from the organization which it serves.

Yet He who first spoke of "a light put under a bushel" also said: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works."

And so it has seemed to me it was time for all our citizens—the millions like you and me who have responded to the appeals which The Advertising Council daily casts upon the waters—time for us to know and fully understand the workings of this great Public Information Trust.

So the next time you hear from Smokey the Bear, you might like to remember the uniquely American institution that put the words in his mouth for the good of us all.

The Advertising Council demonstrates by actions, not words, the social responsibility of American business and the power of advertising in the public interest.

Even more important, it has proved that Americans will move to solve the problems of their society with intelligence, sacrifice, and courage whenever they are adequately informed of these problems and persuaded that they need solving.

You'll recognize some of these examples of 1958 campaigns



Traffic fatality rate reduced 40%



Public interest in schools greatly increased



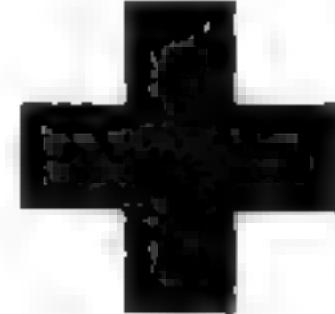
Ownership of U. S. Savings Bonds at all-time high



Church and synagogue attendance rises



Helped to stop depression psychology



Annual campaign during March drive



Promotes greater public understanding



Good Neighborhoods are our Nation's strength



Aided the attack on paralytic polio



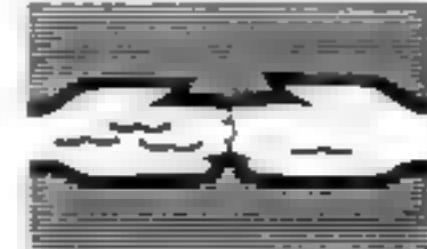
To combat crisis in colleges



Helps 2100 United Funds and Community Chests



Register, Vote and Contribute



Religious overseas aid through three major funds



"Truth Dollars" for Radio Free Europe



The Advertising Council... for public service

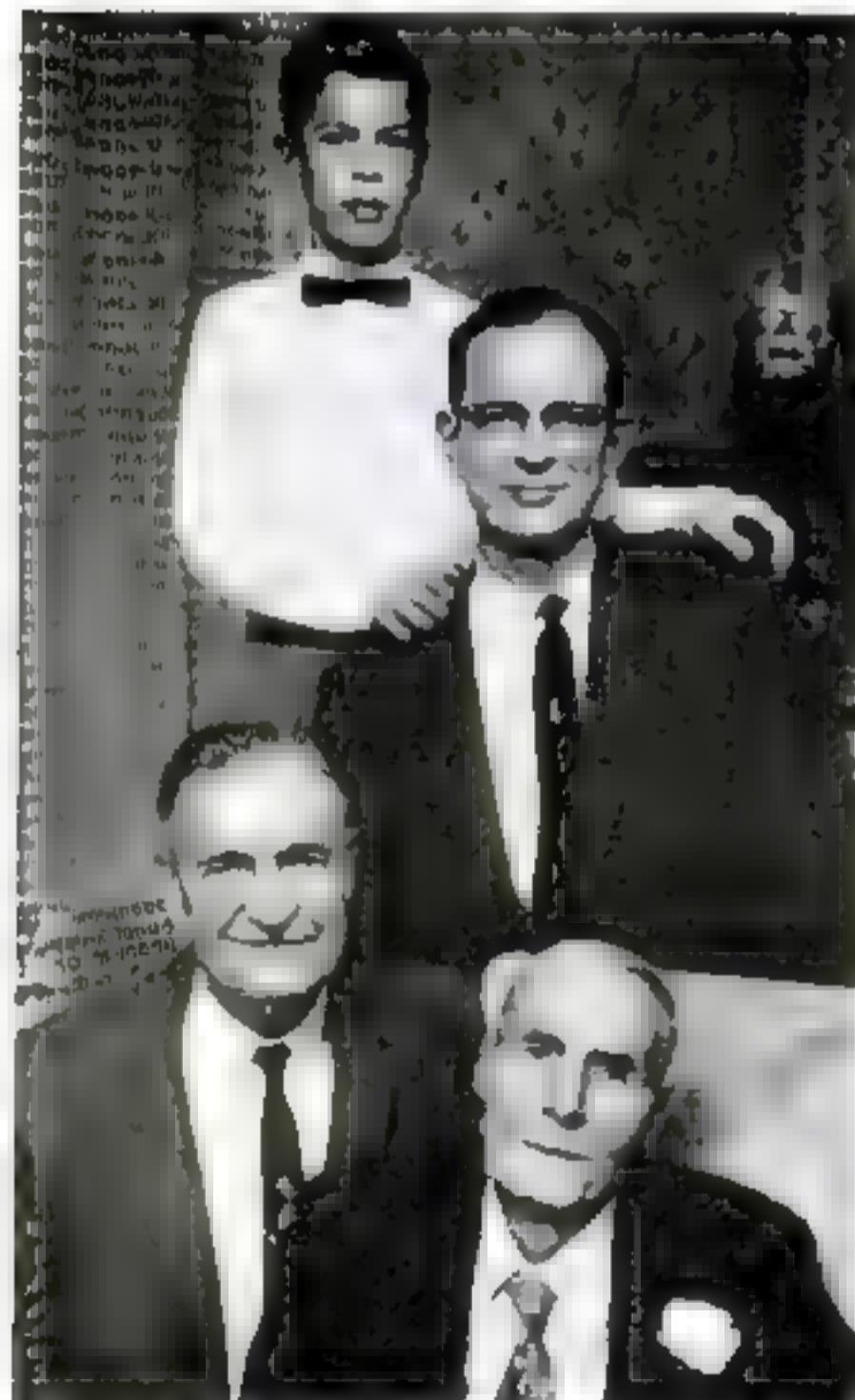
If you would like to know more about this work, this magazine suggests you write for a free booklet to The Advertising Council, 25 W. 45th St., New York 36, New York.

An 80th Wedding Anniversary

Wedding anniversaries go from "paper" at one year to "diamond" at 60. Peter Peterson and his wife, Celestia, both 98, of Fairview, Utah, ran out of names for their anniversaries years ago. Last month they got to their 80th and celebrated with an enormous family gathering.

Peter Peterson was the first child born in Fairview, which was then called North Bend. He courted Celestia Terry to church socials from the time he was 13. In 1878 they were married in the Mormon Temple in St. George, 300 miles away, and he drove her back home in a hay wagon in eight days. They "cousined" (stopped with relatives) all the way. They prospered on their farm, did missionary work for 10 years, and raised 10 children. "Kept Celestia out of mischief," says Peter with a smile.

Today they have a family of 252, not counting their in-laws, 200 of whom came to Fairview for the anniversary celebration. The nonagenarian couple were sung to, praised in speeches and given a chance to play with 28 of their great-great-grandchildren. When someone asked Peter whether he still liked to look at pretty girls, he turned, kissed Celestia and said, "I don't have to go very far to do that."



FAMILY TREE of living Petersons includes Peter, 98, his oldest living son, Andrew, 71, Andrew's son Wayne, 37, and Wayne's son Andrew, 11.

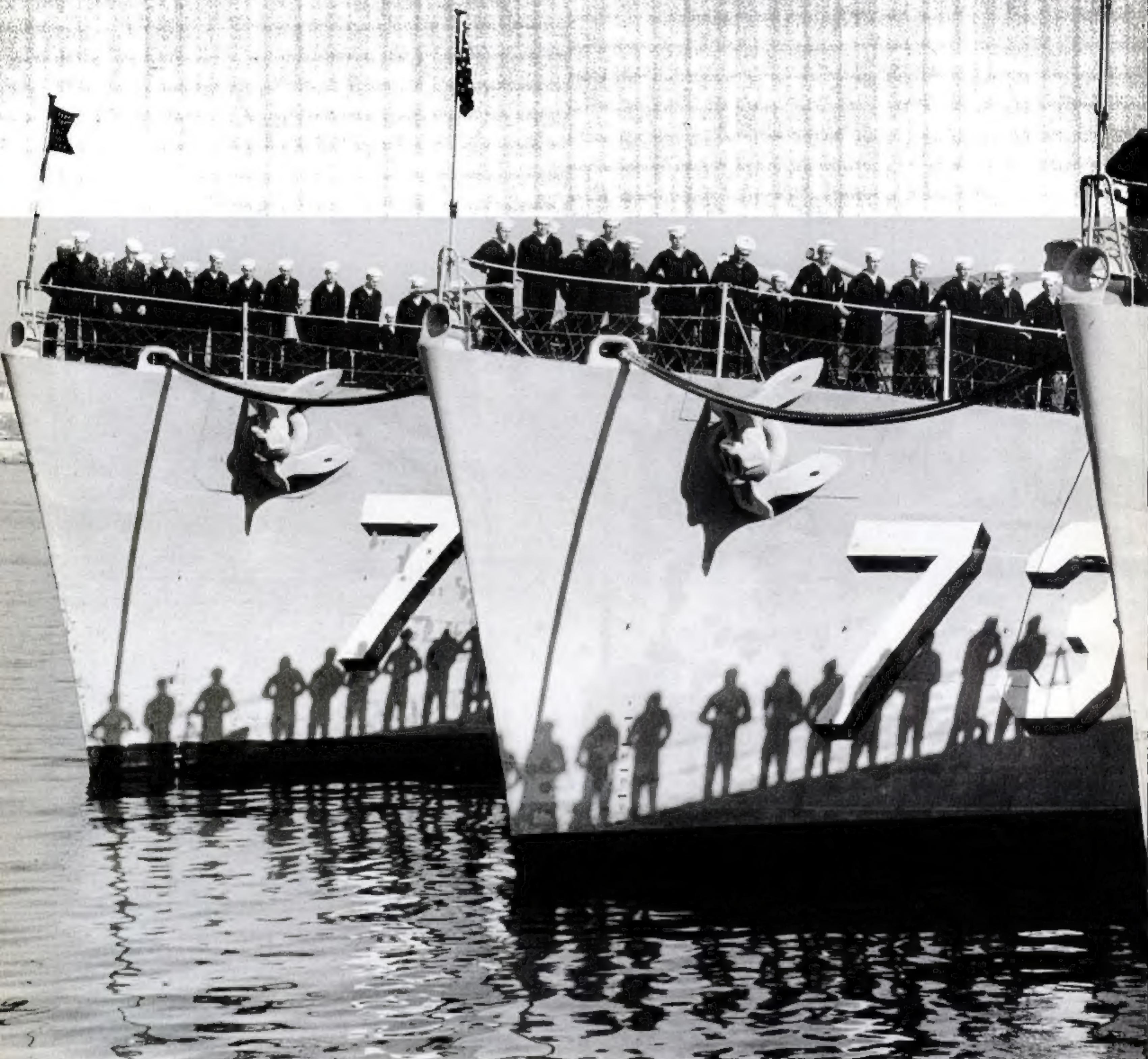
HUGE REUNION brought more relatives together than could fit into Petersons' living room. Here their progeny crowd around them.





ENJOYING THEMSELVES. Petersons entertain great-great-grandson Peter Larsen (above) and kiss beside cake sent them by Mormon Church in Salt Lake City. They live alone in their farmhouse and Peter still drives his 1929 Plymouth.





A SHADOWY CEREMONY

The men of the Navy's destroyers *DeHaven*, *Collet* and *Benner* (left to right) are proud sailors who would be the last to cast any reflections on their ships. But when Photographer Roger Coar drove past the Long Beach, Calif., naval station recently it looked as though that was literally what they were doing. The sailors were lined up on the

decks of their ships for a ceremony. Directly below them along the waterline of each destroyer was a row of shadows that freakishly seemed to match the men who were standing overhead. But the shadows and their substances were on different ships. The sun was striking the men at such an angle that they cast their image on the vessels behind.



MEDIUM-CALORIE LUNCHEON

Nothing to lose! Fried pork loin chop, about 217 calories; 8-oz. glass of beer, about 104 calories; baked potato with one pat butter, about 171 calories; broccoli, about 25 calories; Malted milk ice cream, about 173 calories.

TOTAL: 690 calories



HIGH-CALORIE LUNCHEON

Aiming to gain? Baked ham slice, about 314 calories; 8-oz. glass of beer, about 104 calories; one candied sweet potato, about 327 calories; green peas, about 65 calories; apple pie with ice cream, about 520 calories.

TOTAL: 1330 calories



LOW-CALORIE LUNCHEON

Weight-watching can be delicious. Baked veal cutlet, about 187 calories; 8-oz. glass of beer, about 104 calories; garden salad with lemon juice, about 40 calories; fresh pineapple cup, about 75 calories.

TOTAL: 406 calories



The goodness of Malt adds zest to any healthful diet

Fun Flavor

that's so good for you! Whether you're out to lose weight or gain—whether your days are sedate or action-packed—there's a welcome place for Barley Malt at every meal. The Fun-Flavor that Malt gives to beer and baked goods, many desserts and cereals includes a bonus of good-for-you values: dextrins and maltose that aid digestion, help you get more energy benefits from all the foods you eat . . . important

B-complex vitamins as well as useful minerals. Certainly, there's a place for Malt's goodness in every family's daily diet . . . especially yours.

Healthful facts about this product, and helpful hints on using foods and beverages that contain Malt, have been assembled in our Homemaker's Guide to Barley Malt. Write for your free copy. *Barley & Malt Institute, Dept. I, 228 North LaSalle, Chicago 1, Ill.*

Barley
..... and Malt
I N S T I T U T E

... whose members are U.S. malting companies that guide sun-ripened barley through a natural process with scientific care to insure the goodness of Malt.



A new idea in smoking!

Salem refreshes your taste



- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Refreshing!...the crystal clear brook...the deep green shades of spring. Refreshing, too...the taste of a Salem cigarette. Through Salem's pure-white filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. Here is a whole new idea in smoking...rich tobacco with a new surprise softness. Smoke refreshed...smoke Salem! There's Springtime freshness in every puff...in every pack!

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company